PUBLIC SWEETHEART NUMBER ONE

by DORA MACY, Author of Night Nurse

July 13
1935

Liberty

5¢

The Declaration of Independence

JULY 4 1776

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights that, among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of

M.K.F.

CONTINUED INSIDE

I'M GLAD WE TOOK OUR GAS COMPANY'S WORD FOR IT

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PERMANENT SILENCE
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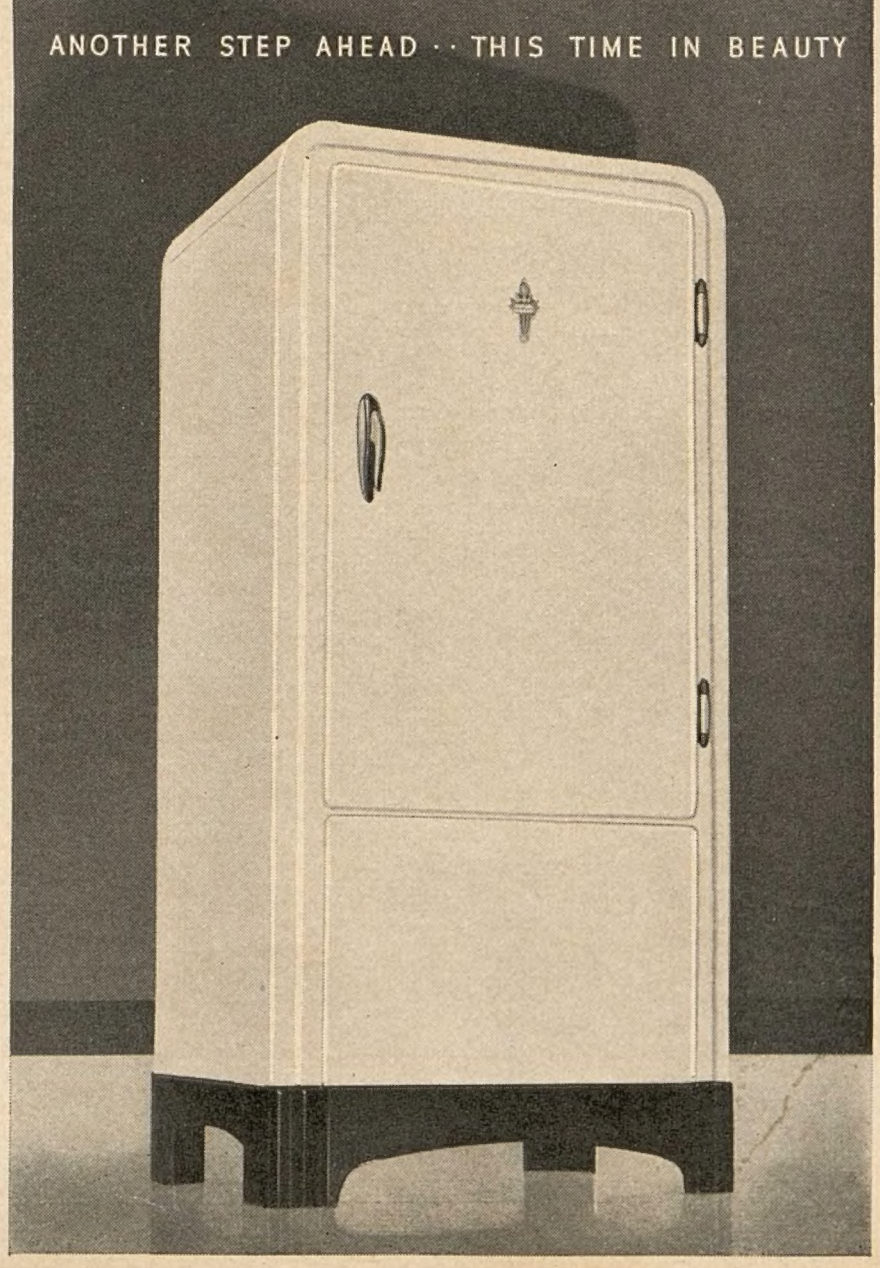

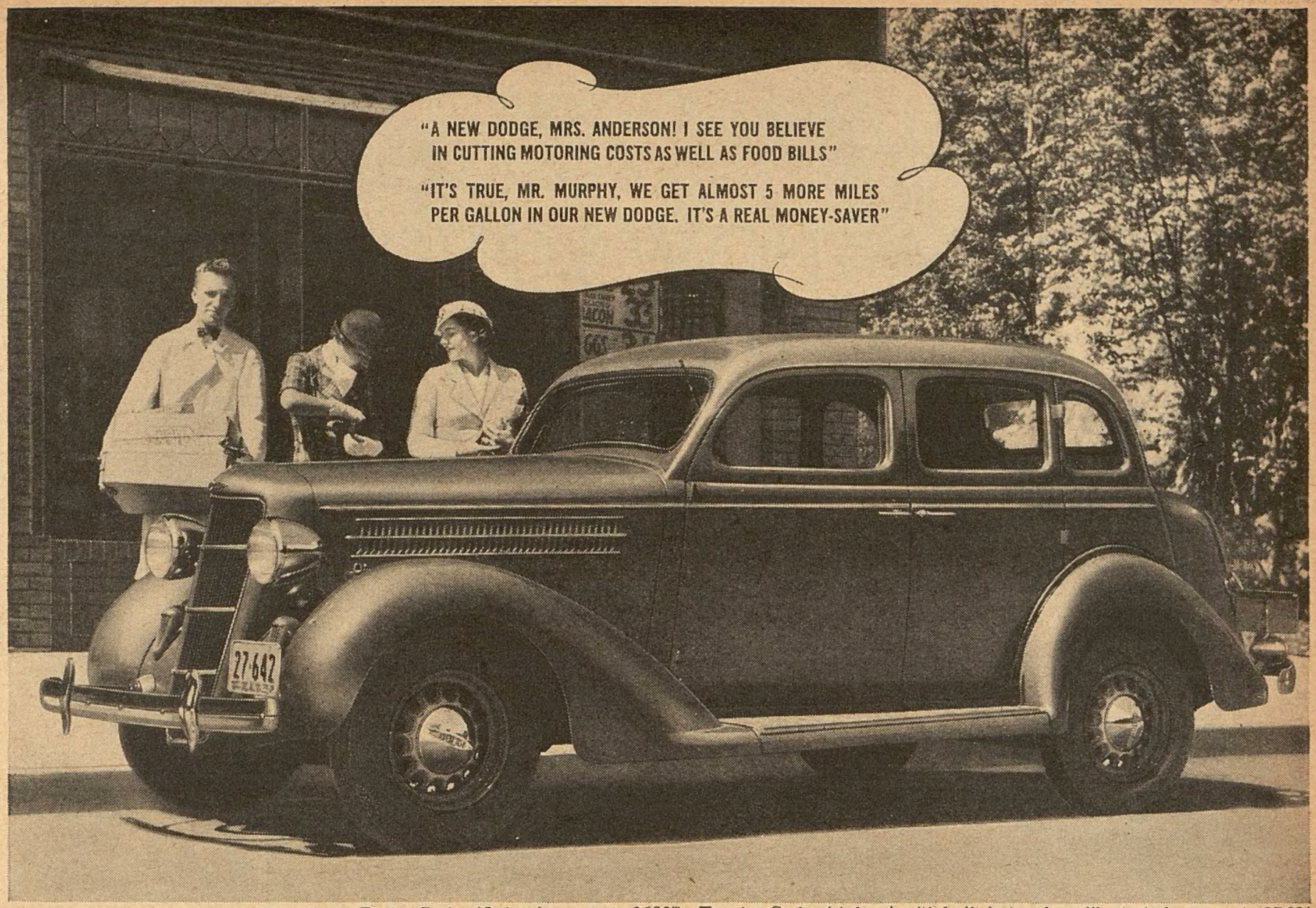

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JULY 13, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 28

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

FREEDOM—HOW LONG WILL IT BE WITH US?

WE celebrate National Independence Day on the Fourth of July. But on the second of July, 1776, twelve of the then existing thirteen states cast their ballots in favor of a Resolution for Independence, although the Declaration of Independence, which Thomas Jefferson was instructed to prepare, was not finally passed on until July 4.

That is the day when oratory flows freely. We are told that no other country enjoys the freedom we originally acquired.

And think of the courage of the signers of this spirited document! More than fifty of the leading citizens of that time knew that in affixing their signatures to this resolution their lives might be the price of their temerity; and if the terrific battles that were fought during the Revolutionary War had failed to bring victory, they would have been executed as traitors.

And it is the square-shouldered fighting men of this courageous type whom we can look back to as our ancestors. Freedom was valued by them more than life itself. They were willing to risk everything to secure that divine privilege. They fought at times without food, ragged, and on occasions almost shoeless for the right of self-government. And the democracy they created, the principles which are so clearly stated in our Constitution, have guided us through stress and strain for more than a century and a half.

Shall we lay aside the form of government that has made us a great people? Shall we abandon the ideals that made this nation expand almost like an overnight mushroom? Throughout all the world's history there has never been such a miraculous growth in a civilized nation as that which we have enjoyed. And though there may have been radical changes, there may have appeared unlimited complications, yet the general principles back of a democracy that creates free men cannot change; they are as rigidly fixed as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Our pioneer ancestors were determined to be free men. They wanted the privilege of guiding their own destiny, of forming their own government, of living their own lives in accordance with the dictates of their consciences and intelligence. And they valued their citizenship, the Constitutional rights delegated to them. As citizens they were far better informed about their government than we are today. We were born into it. It has come to us through inheritance. And like the idle shiftless sons of rich men, having made no sacrifices for our liberties, we value them lightly. And perhaps much of the freedom we now enjoy may be lost before we awaken to the dangers that now confront us.

Thomas Jefferson, an idol at that time, a philosopher and a statesman; Benjamin Franklin, a great genius, a man whose breadth of understanding would be difficult to equal even today; their outstanding abilities were the products of pioneer hardship. Emergencies that were grim and heartrending faced them frequently. And it was the bitter struggle they had to endure that developed the extraordinary characteristics essential to leadership at that time.

But now we are trying to make everything easy for ourselves. We have yet to learn that character and ability are acquired only through tireless efforts that we refer to as hard work—that the more difficulties we encounter, the more hazardous situations we have to surmount, the more efficient we finally become.

The demand that we find everywhere at the present time for the easy life, the inclination to protect ourselves from the necessity of struggling for a livelihood may be helpful to our citizens for the time being; immediate suffering and sorrow may be avoided. But nearly every great character, and there are but few exceptions, is a product of tireless work, often compelled to endure suffering from hunger and cold through prolonged periods.

There is nothing quite equal to a tortured soul to stimulate mental activity. It compels us to search for substantial and dependable means of making life easier. By surmounting difficulties, by climbing hills, we are ultimately able to climb mountains.

But the freedom that made us a great people, the fundamental principles that were developed, that began to take substantial form in July, 1776, founded a democracy that stands without an equal throughout the entire history of the civilized world. And if there is any manhood left in us, we will fight for the principles that it has maintained bitterly and grimly, with a rigid determination that will be unyielding to the very end of life itself.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy. $2.50 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are [illegible] to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, [illegible] drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

BEGINNING •

Public Sweetheart

NUMBER ONE

by DORA MACY

Author of Night Nurse

A Beauty Who Reached the Heights of Fame Unveils the Hidden Things in Her Past—The Heart-Searching Story of One Who Loved Not Wisely but Too Well

READING TIME
30 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

PART ONE—MURDER AT TWELVE

ALL five of us were in the famous Capers of 1910. Rita, Lora (whose real name was Bridget), Cookie Buckham of the lisp and innocent stare, Cynthia, and myself.

They say we've had a gay life of it—people envy us and our rosy path. Stars who have everything—from where you sit.

At the start we five girls were casual incidents to each other. But twenty years later we'd loom more important, in looking back, than those who were our own. . . . People would come and people would go—our loves, our family, deaths, quarrels, divorces—but five who made good in New York and Hollywood would remain—and eventually realize how much we meant to each other.

Perhaps you think that because I was old enough to wear a buckle in the Capers and go out with stage-door Johnnies back in 1910, I am ancient and passée. You're wronger than usual. I am forty-three, but I look younger than your daughter who tries to ape my screen fashions, and I drive old men crazy—and that's a measuring stick for extreme youth, as any woman knows.

I can't tell this story straight—because I might hurt too many people who mean something to me. I can't use right names, like Lady Asquith, because there's not enough aristocracy in me to be frank. Myself I wouldn't care—the public knows more about me than ever happened. Cookie doesn't have to fear God nor man in print, and it's too late for anything to matter to Rita. For the sake of my soul I'll tell the story anyway. Because they say the wages of sin is death—and I wonder. I wonder chiefly what sin is.

Unlike most girls in stories, I wasn't a greeny when I went into the Capers. My mother was an actress. My father was a queer bum who spent eighty per cent of any money he got on liquor and good times and the other twenty per cent on paints, brushes, and canvas. There is no record that he ever spent a cent on my mother. He didn't marry her either. But such was her love that she bore him three children who seemed to interest him solely as models, as their mother had been before them. I remember him dimly. He was an electric personality even to a kid of eight. And lovable when his temper wasn't roused. Then he became everything my mind ever pictures as the devil.

Howard was the mud-black sheep of swells—society swells at that. The family wouldn't even recognize him on the street. When he died, a fourth cousin, home from Australia, felt moved to bury him. A bunch of years later when his name was hailed as a leader in the new art, and his canvases fetched high money and higher praise, the family remembered everything he liked for breakfast. Swells are just like other families.

Perhaps mama had the makings of a great actress. God knows she was beautiful. But you can't spend your energies breaking your heart over a madman; you can't take time out to have three babies in charity wards—no, you just can't do it and become a great actress. Personally I don't think she could have been one anyway—she was too damn sweet.

Well, I grew up mostly around New Orleans because that's where Howard came from, and when he wasn't skipping off to Paris on somebody else's money, that's where Howard hung out. There used to be an elegant stock company in New Orleans and my mother, Violet Dillon, was the ingénue there. Later the second woman. Then the lead. For several years. Then I was born and she was second woman again. Then went on the road and later Mildred was born. Then Violet Dillon was back in New Orleans playing character women. Then Teddy was born. I was eight then and I remember it all. Mother was sick for many months in a hospital where nobody brought me to see her. I gathered it wasn't having Teddy that made her sick so much as a quarrel with Howard, who had "left her for good." Mrs. Preston, whose husband owned the theater, kept Mildred and me in her home. Eight months. Then mama came back all well again. But not strong. She did some sewing. Gradually she became wardrobe mistress at the theater. She left off dyeing her hair. She was very, very beautiful, but old in such a few years!

I ran errands for everybody in the company. I played a few bits now and then. I was ten when I played Little Lord Fauntleroy. I was a local riot.

Howard came back when I was eleven. He became an obsession with me. I trembled at the sound of his voice. With rage, not exactly knowing why. I knew mama was happy. But also knew without understanding that he was wrecking her before my eyes. It was bad enough that he moved in on us and our tiny home. That he brought wickedness in every form and every practice, black and white, and the more grotesque the higher his fever. There was a streak of demon in him that loved to study dissipation, picking it apart and examining how much a poor human could endure before the breaking point.

Mama got to telling us to go over to Mrs. Preston's. It got so we kids stayed there weeks at a time.

One day I was very rude to Mrs. Preston. She had found a ring in the bathtub and had called me a dirty little brat. I slammed out of her house and beat it over home. Bawling all the way.

WHEN I burst in, there was Howard at the north window in a filthy smock, bent over a painting. A whisky bottle beside him and most of the contents in him. He lifted his head.

"I want my mother," I said.

"She's out."

"I'll wait until she comes back."

"Get the hell out of here."

"This was my home until you came," I cried. "You can't *put* me out!"

He stood up and his chair toppled over with a clatter. He cleared his throat.

"Vi isn't coming back," he told me.

"You're just saying that to get rid of me. Everybody says you're a liar!"

He started toward me.

"You're drunk!" I gibed at him, thrilled when his face went white with rage. "Drunk—*drunk*—DRUNK."

His hand slapped me full across the face, and some force in me sent me flying at him as if I had been flung out of a taut sling. My fists were beating at him. He fell. He hit the drawing table as he fell. He lay there, blood drooling out of his forehead. No sound. Not a move.

I turned, terrified, and ran. All the way back to Mrs. Preston's. And I apologized to her, throwing my arms around her and begging her to love me. I remember that so plainly too. I remember playing dolls with Mildred later, and laughing. Eating a big supper. Going to the theater and talking with everybody. Going home to Mrs. Preston's and getting into bed. Then I couldn't sleep. I kept wondering. . . .

The next morning the whole town knew. Howard had been found dead shortly after midnight. The doctor said that obviously he had hit his head on the table as he fell.

Obviously, too, he had been drinking heavily. Yet quite obviously some one had been in the house. Nobody had been seen.

I never told my mother. I tried to more than once. I couldn't. Maybe I killed him. There's no doubt but that I killed him. Murder at twelve.

Speaking of sin . . .

Oh, I've argued it so many times. Put myself on trial and cross-examined. I almost never think about it any more.

NEW ORLEANS got on mama's nerves after Howard's death. So we picked up and went away once she had scraped together enough money.

Four years of doing this and that. Mama never lived with anybody but Howard. She was that sort. But outside of that we did almost anything that fed us and kept us alive and on the road. Traveling everywhere. Never more than a few weeks put.

Mama had taken Howard's name. She was Violet Dillon Chester. She wrote Howard's folks that she was going to. The only thing she asked as a sort of common-law wife. They never answered, so she wrote their lawyer. He told her no one would take steps to prevent her. So we were Chesters. I was Violet Chester and I hated it, hating the memory of that man.

I had my eye on the stage. In Chicago I got a job at a commercial photographer's. When I look at the pictures today I shudder; they're worse than any family album. But for its time they were a minor riot. I was a "new type."

We stayed five weeks in Chicago, and that's as much as mama could stand. I left a forwarding address, Y. W. C. A., and we four went on to New York. I finally landed some trade posing. Then I posed for artists. Mama and I went over to New Jersey and put Teddy, age nine, and Mildred (kicking and screaming at the age of thirteen) into a farm boarding school. We boasted about it and exulted together that it was worth any sacrifice.

Mama and I settled in Greenwich Village. We met more people than we had hairs in our head. Good and bad, young and old. Nice, and vulgar.

My mother was always beautiful to look at, in a queenly way. She had the face of a saint. She talked little, but her smile was healing. People seemed to know that she had seen everything and heard the worst there was to hear. They told her their heart secrets, and she helped them.

With sewing and piano teaching she earned about twelve dollars a week, sometimes eighteen or twenty. And that was with fifty-cent lessons and fifty cents an hour sewing. She kept herself and us kids well dressed, well fed, and immaculate.

So I got the job with the Capers. And was that something. Tops—as you know. Ratzoff, the producer, had seen my pictures in the magazines and sent for me. More salary than I had ever earned and a steady run. If I made good I'd be in the Capers year after year. It was an institution.

That meant we settled in New York. And I was in the Capers. At seventeen. And I met the four other girls who were to cross my path for the rest of my life! Cookie, Lora, Cynthia, and Rita.

Cookie Buckham looked like somebody's good angel. Layers and layers and yards and yards of golden curls. One year she got a hundred a week for being the center of a tableau posing in nothing but her hair. She had blue-purple eyes. She couldn't say *r* and the boys loved it. She toed in and she always sat on the tip edge of a

chair like a child. The damnedest liar I ever met; the most dependable troublemaker in the company. Nobody in my address book can drink like Cookie from the first day I met her. But she was a puritan when it came to men. Men were her idea of sin. She had been told so. So that proved it. At the right kind of party with the right people Cookie would pose in her hair. "My body's beautiful and I'm pwoud of it," she would say, wide-eyed. But let some guy paw her while they were dancing and Cookie would go home. Her hand was calloused from slapping faces.

Nobody exactly knew where Cookie came from—she lied so much. I hated her like poison, and we fought every word we spoke. "I want to get mawwied and have babies"—Cookie's blue eyes would be soft as molasses—"but it has to be weal love."

I fell in love. With a chorus boy named Archie O'Riley. He was twenty and studied law at N. Y. U. with a special arrangement for having his Wednesdays free. That's what got me. Besides being he-man handsome, besides being a slick dancer, the boy had brains and used them. There were fourteen in Archie's family and one of them, four years older than Archie, was Lora—a principal of our show with the voice of a wild bird. Off stage she was as dowdy as your aunt, but she had a breezy honest way about her that made her friends everywhere. Pa O'Riley was up in some sanitarium living out his time with lungs. Ma O'Riley was blind but astonishingly active. The kids kept each other going in an eight room apartment in 113th Street.

There was something swell about the O'Rileys that got me. Particularly Archie, who studied so hard and was certain he would be a great lawyer. He had a long way to go. He had no time to play like the other guys I met, but somehow that made him more important to me. I'd dash at any hour for a walk with him, for a soda lunch—I'd break any party date for the privilege of visiting the O'Rileys at home for a few hours.

I was dizzy in love. And so was Archie. We had a hazy idea, though, that it was impossible, what with his education and all. And Lora, whose real name was Bridget, watched us a bit sourly and set her sisterly foot down. Her brother falling for a chorus girl! A nobody with no background, no education, no ambition; an artist's model!

I had an unholy scene with her. I didn't know much about controlling my temper in those days; I was pretty cheap when I got going. The more I went at it, the more right Lora was proved.

She shrugged and smiled in a superior way and walked past me. After that she didn't know I existed. I hated her—and how I envied her.

Archie and I had it out. I wasn't the right person for him. Even I could see it. We were playing with fire and we'd better quit. I got a taste of heartbreak when he finally admitted that Lora was right and we should say good-by.

THAT was a month before the show went on the road. I never spoke to him in the theater after that. The sight of him was about all I could bear.

I went partying. Making up for all the good times I had missed. And tried not to see the I-thought-as-much look in Lora O'Riley's eyes. Mama was frantic too. She did her damnedest to stop me. She even went to the manager and made a scene about me. That almost cost me my job.

I went home and shouted at her until I couldn't see red any more from sheer exhaustion. Then she said something I never forgot. She looked at me, her eyes haggard, her hands to her cheeks, and said:

"You have your father's temper."

It hit me right between the eyes. I didn't want to be anything like my father. I banged out of the place and walked for miles.

We were about to close up and go on the road. Mama was to travel with me—we were nineteen weeks out, only the chief towns. And I went out with strangers—new people met in each town—with barely time to wash and sleep. Sometimes barely knowing their names.

I still felt I was in love with Archie. Knowing I was no good for him, I refused even to answer his letters. Whereupon I set about making myself worse instead of better.

The climax came one night in Boston when I passed out cold at a party. I had been chasing around for a week with a good-looking man whom I called Tommie and whose last name I vaguely knew was Greeley. He spent plenty of money and reasonably behaved himself.

We were at Cynthia's suite of rooms when I did a fade-out. I had never known Cynthia well. She was too high up for me. The highest-paid show girl in the world. Cynthia Lark had blue-black hair, an almost Oriental beauty to her noble face, and the most perfect figure on record. She was a high liver, and went in for so-called society.

I came to in one of the twin beds in her room. It was dawn, and Cynthia was just getting into her nightgown and fur-lined negligee. She looked at me coolly.

"Turn over and sleep it off," she commanded quietly. "I've phoned your mother. Everything is taken care of."

It was noon when I woke. I sat up and regarded the satin hand-scalloped nightie of Cynthia's I had on. I pulled myself out of bed. In an adjoining bedroom Cynthia was being given ice packs, facials, body massage, floor exercises, two women working over her. Meekly I followed her directions, and back in the other bedroom phoned my mother, told her the truth, bathed, and ate the breakfast Cynthia had ordered sent up for me.

LATER she came in and talked to me.

"This is the road to quick oblivion," she said curtly. "I don't think you have much, either in beauty or talent, but what little you've got is going to be shot to hell with the life you're leading."

I can sass back my equals, but Cynthia was like something of the haut monde to me.

"I'll thank you not to pass out again on my doorstep. It's a beastly nuisance," she said. "I wouldn't mind if I thought you were worth it, but you're not."

"That's hardly fair," I mumbled. "You don't know what I've been through."

"I don't want to know," she sighed. "Whatever your problems that's no way to solve them. Any one who has tried it can tell you. But you don't want to be told. Nobody does. So I'm not going to waste my energies. You'll probably say you're in love." She looked at me scornfully. "Do you think you're the first? How old are you?"

"I'll soon be eighteen."

She threw her eyes to heaven.

"Go on home," she said crossly. "I hate to watch little children get in the gutter."

I stood up, but my eyes filled with tears.

"You have everything!" I blurted.

"From where you sit, perhaps," she smiled. "You can have it too—anything you want, if you'll exert yourself."

Her maid entered again with my hat and coat. Cynthia had sent her over to mama's hotel room that morning for a suitcase of my own clothes.

"Good-by," I said. "I'm sorry it happened."

"Good-by," she said. "And by the way, leave the likes of Tommie Greeley alone. He happens to be exactly twice your age and he's nobody's guardian angel. Take my word for it."

Her phone rang, and with a dismissing wave of the hand she turned to it.

Mama told me Tommie Greeley had phoned three

times. There were flowers from him at the theater.

He showed up afterward and I refused to go out on a party. Because he protested, I went with him to a quiet out-of-the-way restaurant. And talked. I told him I'd been a fool, that I'd come to my senses, and was going to quit.

Tommie had a bearing that made him seem to tower. Yet he seemed permanently tired and the gray in his dark hair was less distinguished than fagged. He seemed infinitely touched with my "resolutions" and doubtful that I could keep them.

He asked me about myself and I told him—almost everything, even about Archie. He told me too about himself. He and his wife had never gotten along; they had lived apart for years, and a few years ago she had settled in Paris, prior to getting a divorce. He had a small son in a military academy. I knew Tommie was wealthy and important; he had that stamp. But it surprised me to hear that he was the president of—shall I call it—the Giant Steel Corporation, and his brother was a Senator.

He took me back to the hotel, and when he said good night he didn't kiss me.

Tommie was in Boston nine days more. We were together constantly.

HE went back to New York and came one week end to Boston. By that time there was heavy gossip about us, just when our relationship was most innocent. Our show went to Philadelphia and I spent week ends in New York and he came several times to Philly. He started my library, which I've always adored calling it. It took me months to read one book, but mama read all of them and told me about them. Tommie and I went to museums together. Riding in the park. Learning golf. Afternoon concerts. Quiet dinners together talking. I loved him but I wasn't in love with him. Nobody could help but love Tommie.

In New York after the show closed Tommie begged to let him send mama and me to the country for the summer. Near enough for him to drop over often. We made excited arrangements. For once we could have Teddy and Mildred with us all summer.

And then I met Cookie, the liar, in the millinery department of a department store. Archie, says she, has been rushing her. Evidently mad about her. No, he never asked for me that Cookie could remember. But he was up to her place just all the time. Lora had gone over to Paris, to sing in a night club, lucky devil.

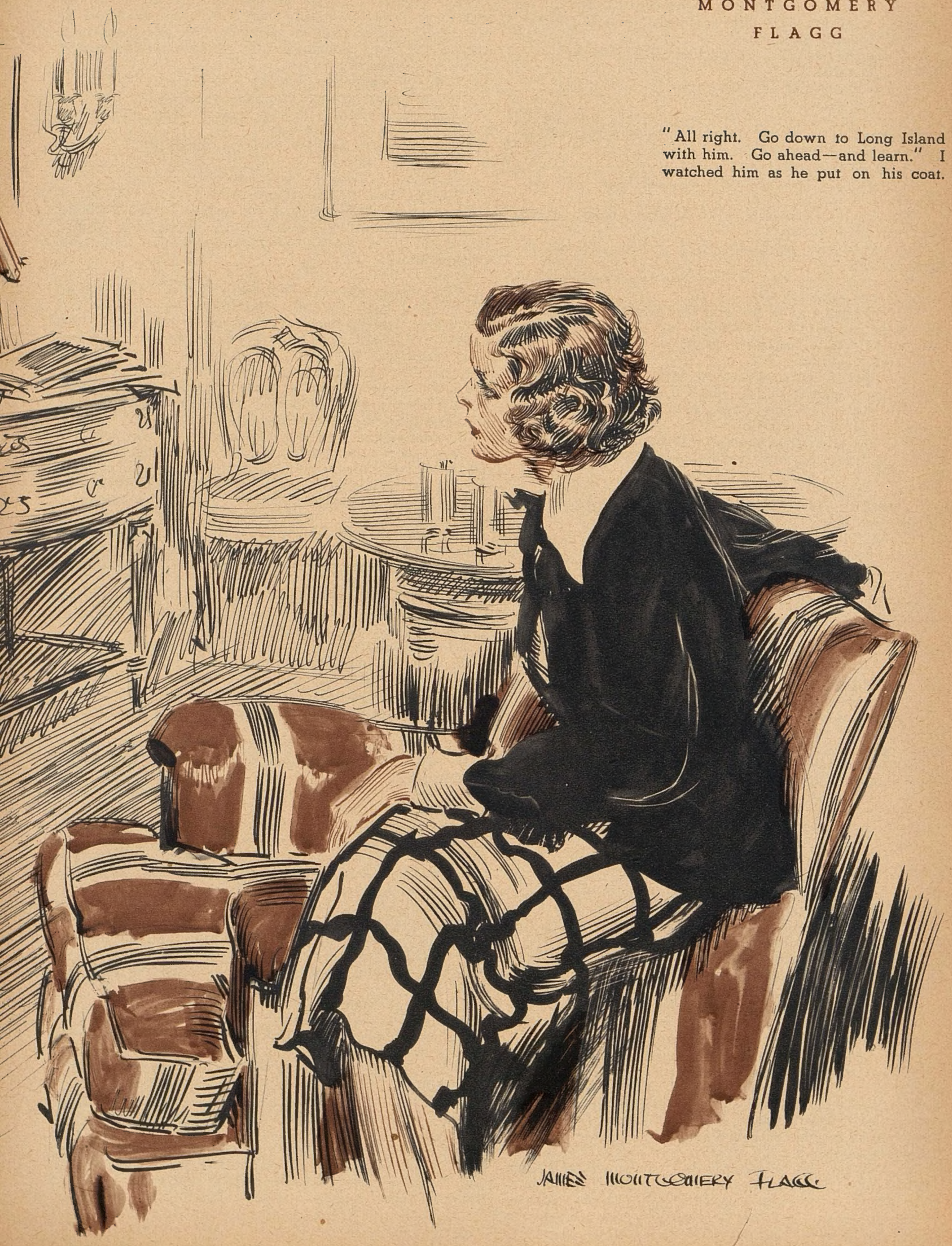
That burned me up. I stood it for a few hours and telephoned Archie.

He was wildly excited. He had been after Cookie for weeks trying to get my phone number—trying to find out where to reach me. He had tried all the other girls he could think of too.

He came down that evening. A Long Island summer hotel was offering him fifty a week and keep for floor-show dancing. Maxixe, etc. Would I be his partner? We could be so happy—by the seashore. Plenty of free

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES
MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

"All right. Go down to Long Island with him. Go ahead—and learn." I watched him as he put on his coat.



time for him to study. Twenty-five apiece a week and no worries for ten weeks; we'd each have a room and food free and were supposed to keep the guests in a playful mood.

Nobody could describe how happy and excited I was. Nobody—nothing could have stopped me from going.

I told Tommie all about it.

"That's the boy you were in love with?" he said.

"Yes, Tommie."

"Are you going to live with him?"

"My God, no."

"Oh. You love him. You can't marry him, or he can't marry you. What do you suppose a summer together will add up to?"

"A bit of heaven," I said.

"When you're hungry and you smell food—you eat," he smiled.

"You wouldn't understand." I shook my head. "Ours isn't that kind of love."

Tommie turned away abruptly. I went and put my arms around him.

"I'm sorry, Tommie. Nobody has ever treated me as swell as you have."

"Nobody ever cared for you the way I do," he said, and faced me gravely. "Violet, I love you enough to marry you. Does that mean anything to you?"

I couldn't speak.

"You don't mean that much to him," he reminded me. "He doesn't plan to marry you."

"He won't have me any other way," I answered, thinking of my mother's life.

"Will you make that much of a promise?" he insisted. "Will you give me your word that you'll come and tell me—first?"

"Yes, Tommie."

"All right. Go on down to Long Island with him. Go ahead—and learn."

I watched him as he put on his coat and hat. He came over, and kissed my cheek.

"Good night, dear."

"Good night, Tommie."

Long after he was gone I sat and thought. Then I phoned Archie my decision.

We began rehearsing the next day. In the basement of a deserted church.

I lived in a heavy-muscled world of aches and pains and twitching nerves for weeks. And Archie damn near made me a dancer.

Tommie stopped by at the church occasionally and took both Archie and me out to dinner. I knew he was gauging Archie, probing him. Already Tommie had arranged for mama, Mildred, and Teddy to have a small beach shack about eighteen miles from the hotel where Archie and I were to dance.

Swell Tommie. Against Archie he looked tired and gray and worn-out. Used up. I knew the two men didn't like each other.

THE night before I left town Tommie and I had one of our rare parties. Did the fading spring-worn town. And Tommie drank far too much—as in the old days. When he left me at my funny doorstep at dawn, he kissed me.

"I hate to let you go, kid," he said. "But remember, you promised to tell me, *first*."

All the way out in the train I remembered that promise, and it annoyed me. Because I knew it foretold what I dreaded to face. Archie and I were wildly, blindly, thoughtlessly in love with each other.

The summer at the hotel started with a burst of glory. Good weather, a high-spending crowd, gorgeous clothes, and in the midst of it Archie and I were more than the management hoped for in success (though they tried to conceal their satisfaction). I lived at the hotel and took a local train to mama's beach shack twice a week, and I phoned her every day.

But—"when you're hungry and you smell food, you have to eat." Tommie was right about that. It got to a place where Archie and I avoided being alone. Where kisses and hopes for the future were not enough. I wasn't going to be like my mother. Ever. Caught and held and enslaved by a man who wouldn't marry me—no matter how great the man. I had seen what she went through.

One morning at six thirty Archie knocked at my door. We had parted two hours before and now his voice was waking me and demanding that I see him. He stood in his clumsy Indian blanket bathrobe, pale and disheveled and determined. He caught hold of my hand and held it so fiercely that it hurt.

"Will you marry me, Violet?" he said.

I put my arms around him and began to cry.

"I know, I know," he said huskily, and somehow I realized he felt the same way.

"Are you sure, Archie—sure you mean it?"

"God, yes," he said.

The elevator down the hall clattered.

"I better beat it," he smiled thinly.

Long before Archie was up and around I tried to phone Tommie, but I couldn't reach him. About nine Archie joined me on the beach. We had a quick swim and made quicker plans.

AN hour later we were on a train to New York, and at the first local station mama joined us. Even in my numb bliss I loved mama for looking so exquisite. She wore a white silk suit she had made herself, and her white hair was like puffs of gleaming satin under a bleached straw hat that had a breast of white bird on one side. The bride was not in white; I hadn't thought of it. I wore biscuit-color linen that crumbled in the intense heat and thick dirt of the dry city summer.

We went straight up to Archie's mother. And told her we loved each other so much we couldn't bear it. The old blind lady's fingers played over my face—as if testing the future. Then Mrs. O'Riley caught me close to her and murmured blessings in Gaelic. But I knew her heart was heavy.

Seven of the O'Rileys were with us in the sacristy. Lora was on the high seas, expected to land in a few days. Mine was a strange wedding ring, for we had no time or money to buy one.

On my finger Archie put a gold and boyish band that he wore regularly. It was heavy with symbols of a club he belonged to—the Holy Name Society.

From the church the young O'Rileys went their own paths, and we went with mama to the hotel where she had parked her piano all summer. She was going to stay over for two days to give lessons. In the deserted furnace of her hotel dining room she treated us to ice cream and iced tea.

"Well, Mr. and Mrs. O'Riley," smiled mama softly, "now that it's over and done, I'll have to tell you that I disapprove."

Her sweet smile cut short any angry retorts that rushed to our lips.

"Every so often,"—mama sugared her tea slowly—"you find two people who were made for each other. You two were. I think your love is solid. Real. It will have to be to overcome all the obstacles in your way. I'm telling you that you are both babies. That you must be patient. I'm trying to tell you that happiness costs more than most people care to spend. Keep very, very close to each other. Tell each other everything, and tell nobody else anything—not even me."

Archie reached across the crumby table and took her hand.

"Amen," he said.

"Amen," I added vaguely.

We left mama to rush back to Long Island and the hotel, where they were preparing for a big harvest festival. We argued pro and con and decided not to announce our wedding—unless the management insisted.

We parted in the lobby, with a stealthy squeezing of hands. I took my mail and went up to my room.

Several times I tried to reach Tommie by phone at his office, his clubs, his apartment. Then I remembered that his brother, the Senator, had a home in Long Island and I called there as somebody's secretary (a trick Tommie and I regularly used). Tommie himself came to the phone and I begged him to come over and see me. I had to talk to him.

He sent in his card to me after our show that night. I handed it to Archie.

"I hate to miss the Langford party, but I'll join you later," I smiled. "Make some excuse for me, will you?"

"Why the hell are you seeing him?"

"To tell him that the impossible has happened. That you actually proposed to me. It so happens that he proposed to me himself just before we came down here. Yes, as unbelievable as it seems."

"All right." Archie smiled but his eyes were sulky. "You needn't kiss him a fond farewell, though."

"Don't worry," I grinned and bit his ear for him.

I hurried with my dressing, and hunted up Tommie, who was waiting, as he had written me, on the beach. It was going to rain any minute now right down on the lanterns of the harvest party. . . .

Tommie was looking very strange and I thought at first he had been drinking.

"I've hurt my arm," he explained, and nodded his head toward his left hand, which was held close to his side. "My car broke down and I wrenched it. It's nothing. The car's being fixed but I won't be able to drive home."

"Tommie—why you're shaking."

"Really nothing. I would like to—rest a little bit—"

"You come right up to my room," I said and took him by his good arm. "I'll get the doctor."

"No. No. It will pass in a minute."

His breath was short and a bit noisy. I became a little terrified and tried to hurry him along. We went in the side entrance, being nearer, and up the side elevator. I wondered if I should call the manager or Archie first. But Tommie was smiling at that moment.

My spacious old-fashioned room looked radiant in soft lights.

The maid had turned down my bed and laid out my pajamas and an old tie-silk bathrobe of Tommie's that he had given me long ago. I pointed to it.

"Look, it's pretty worn, but I still wear it," I smiled.

In an hour I'd be packing all these unbridelike things and be moving into a double room. My heart skipped a beat.

Tommie took off his coat and with the neatness that characterized Tommie hung it and his hat on the back of my bathroom door.

As he reached his arm upward, I heard him give a gasp of pain. With a cold shock of fear I rushed to him. He was bent over the bathroom basin, his face almost bloodless, his dear features strangled in a convulsive agony.

"Tommie—darling—what is it?"

But as I put my arm around his shoulder his head only bent a little further as if to hide from me his expression.

I felt a shudder pass through him, and a moment later he began to breathe with long rasping regularity.

"It's—all right," he managed.

BUT his fingers tugged at his collar as he tried to straighten up. Swiftly I helped him unloose it, and the shirtband. I led him over to my comfortable chair and begged him to tell me what to do. His head back, eyes closed, he concentrated on his breathing. I hurried to open the window. Then I loosened his belt, and his shoes, and went to wring out a towel in cold water.

As I returned to him he was putting a white pill in his mouth, and swallowing it with effort. I poured him water and he asked for whisky. I got out a half bottle from my trunk and gave him a jigger.

After a few moments he sat slightly forward.

"It's nothing serious," he protested weakly. "A little heart trouble. I must get home. . . . I've had this before, but never quite such a pain. . . . Let me lie down a moment, Violet. I feel so tired . . . so tired. . ."

I helped him take off his coat and vest and put on the old worn bathrobe.

He sighed with relief as he stretched out on the bed, and I worked off his shoes, trying to pray and keep from crying all at the same time. He complained about the light, and I put them all out, leaving only the bathroom light which, with the door half open, shed a slant of dull radiance in the room.

"Hold my hand," he pleaded, and I sat beside him, my hand in his, my other hand smoothing his forehead. I felt more in love with Tommie than ever in my life.

"Now I feel better," he murmured. "Much better. You see it passes. I'm sorry this had to happen, Violet. . . . Give me another drink of whisky, will you, dear?"

In a few moments he felt stronger, and tried to sit upright, but I protested. He seemed grateful to lie back and his cold fingers pressed my hand lovingly.

"I wish you had told me, Tommie—that you'd been sick."

"Yes. You would have come to me. Out of pity, huh? Well. Nothing to pity. Just been overdoing. Put down the window, will you? I'm cold."

I rose and closed the window. And then there was a knock on my door, and my heart stood still.

The knock again, insistent.

"Violet!" Archie's voice, with a tone of anger and indignation. I didn't answer. I couldn't move.

Tommie moved on the bed. My heart was beating now like a thousand drums. I didn't dare answer Archie. I didn't dare let him in. He'd figure how long we'd been in the room. He'd ask why I hadn't called the manager, or a doctor, or sent for him!

"Violet! Violet!"

THE knob of the door rattled. Still I stood dumb, staring through the half darkness at the door.

Presently I heard his footsteps going away.

There was a soft muted moan from the bed, and I hurried to it.

"That was the boy," Tommie said softly, and his voice sounded normal.

"Yes."

"Um-m. He'll be furious."

"I'm afraid he will."

"We'll fix it. I'll be out of here in ten minutes now. Sorry, Violet. But I'm all right now. Just sit a moment and hold my hand again. Please."

I did what he asked but I was trembling.

"You love him, don't you. That's why you sent for me—to tell me you love him."

"Yes, Tommie. But we'll talk later."

After a few moments his hand gripped mine with his old strength.

"Are you going to live with him? Is that your decision?"

"No, dear. We were married. Today. Quietly. I—"

But his hand had loosened on mine, and I leaned forward quickly.

"Tommie, he only proposed to me last night. I called you right away—this morning, to tell you. I never dreamed he'd marry me. You didn't either. But—it's come true."

I paused for an answer, and leaned forward to catch hold of his hand again. There was something rubbery in the touch of him, that made me want to scream. I jumped to my feet, upsetting my own chair as I did so, and groped for the nearest light. I stared at Tommie lying, open-mouthed, in my bed. . . .

On my knees I felt of him—tried to listen for his heart. Even as I blindly went through the motions I knew—

He was dead.

And Violet Chester faced the greatest crisis of her life. Will the hopeful security and happiness of her marriage to Archie be snatched from her now? Or will he remain loyal? How will she explain the tragedy to Tommie's relatives? Learn the outcome in next week's issue of this powerful novel.

Her Hair Was Tawny and Her Eyes Were Very Blue, and They Did Strange Things to Him—as You'll Learn in This Lively Tale of a Prizefighter in Arcady

by CARL CLAUSEN

Love's Artillery

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

BATTLING BILBO, undefeated lightweight champion of East St. Louis, combed the hay from his hair, yawned, and viewed, with a large slice of mental reservation, the scene which the early-summer sun revealed to his squinting eyes.

Mr. Bilbo's notions of sylvan or country life had been gleaned in the beer gardens of Myrtle Street, East St. Louis—with the exception of this one slight excursion into the Far West of Horace Greeley via slow freight and under great pressure.

The pressure had been applied by one Rubber-Hose Rudolph, whose frail Mr. Bilbo had borrowed while Rubber-Hose was in a neighboring city. Now, Mr. Bilbo was not a ladies' man. The frail in question, Miss Lorna McGurk, had been merely an incident in his busy life as a prizefighter. Miss McGurk had forgotten to tell him of Rubber-Hose. Her memory where men were concerned was terrible.

Mr. Bilbo was not in the least afraid of Rudolph. He would have met him anywhere in open combat with bare fists or four-ounce gloves; but Rudolph had a reputation for settling his extramarital affairs with a rod, and Mr. Bilbo did not care to become remains over an ash blonde with knock-knees. So he had hopped the slow freight, had slept the better part of three days in the rear seat of a crated Polls-Dyce, and had dropped off the train at a point where seclusion and solitude seemed to stalk hand in hand.

ILLUSTRATION BY
GERALD LEAKE

After four hours blisters the size of blimps were rising on his palms.

It happened to be a hamlet at the far edge of the Mojave Desert. His alighting was observed by two men wearing unnecessarily large hats and smelling of sage. They had escorted him to the local keep, and he had been given an indeterminate sentence on the chain gang of Enchilada County for having no visible means of support except for his four-ounce gloves.

The memory of this unpleasant interlude was still fresh in his mind as he sat up in the haystack and viewed the scene below him. His hand moved to his ankle, encircling which had been so recently a stout iron collar, to which, in turn, had been attached a large ball of the same metal by a length of log chain.

The landscape upon which he was gazing appeared extremely peaceful and innocuous; but Bat had learned by bitter experience that peace was quite often synonymous with a justice thereof.

Below the haystack was a meadow of something lush and green, and beyond the meadow stood a house—one of those low rambling structures that motion pictures had taught him was the habitat of rubes, where, for all he knew, milk wagons backed up and filled their tanks.

Mr. Bilbo sniffed the air. The odor of spring was all about, but over and above it his sensitive nostrils detected a smell more poignant than field and wood. It came from the chimney of the house together with a thin spiral of smoke—the nectar of home-cured ham and personally laid eggs in juxtaposition in a frying pan, with

an overlying motif of German-fried potatoes and recklessly undated coffee.

He ran his hand into his pocket. It came out with three dimes and four pennies.

At that moment the door of the house opened and a girl emerged. She came walking across the lush green meadow toward Bat's haystack boudoir. She walked with long sure strides that denoted kinship with the brown earth upon which she trod. A big frail she was, and young.

Not fat, but generously built, full-bosomed, broad-hipped, and with large capable hands swinging at her side, and tawny hair that reminded Bat of beer unhurriedly aged.

In one capable hand she carried a curved implement that flashed in the sun. Bat had never before seen a sickle. It looked formidable. The girl kept advancing until within thirty feet of where Bat's brown shirt merged as if by some prearranged protective coloration with the dark tan of the ripening hay. Here she bent low and, with a few deft strokes of the curved implement, mowed herself a double armful of the lush green stuff that infested the meadow.

Mr. Bilbo followed the action closely. His interest was purely academic. He had always wondered how spinach came about.

When the girl went to gather the stuff up, she saw him. She dropped the load and contemplated him with a mixture of curiosity and amusement—anything but fear. Bat noted that her eyes were very blue, so blue that his own sought the summer sky for relief.

"I was just takin' a snooze," he said; "my feet hurt."

She looked at them gravely.

"Why don't you soak them in the creek? Have you walked far?"

Bat replied guardedly that he had, omitting the detail of the iron anklet.

"Hope I didn't hurt your dried spinach sleeping in it," he said.

The girl laughed.

"Where are you from?"

"St. Louis," he replied.

"My, did you walk all the way?"

Bat admitted that he hadn't.

"Have you had breakfast?"

"No, ma'am."

"Better come back with me to the house. I'll fix you some."

"I ain't got but thirty-four cents," Bat warned her.

"That'll be thirty-four cents too much," she said.

Bat arose. He looked at the green stuff she had cut.

Sudden chivalry invaded his heart at the possibility of maneuvering into position before a platter of ham and eggs and German-fried. He picked up the harvested crop and followed her.

"THE name," he said huskily as the odors intensified by approach, "is Bilbo."

"I'm Thelma Stefanson," she replied. "My father is Icelander," she added.

Mr. Bilbo's notions of geography were impressionistic. He had heard somewhere that Iceland was a country equally divided between daylight and darkness, and had speculated briefly upon the opportunities for a well appointed night club there.

"Nice little joint you got," he said politely.

"Yes," she replied—"when I get it paid for."

At her direction he carried the spinach around to the back of the house where a curious animal with horns was tethered. The animal looked at Bat coldly, and Bat returned the stare with no more enthusiasm. He had seen a goat in the zoo once, but had not recognized it under its alias of *Capra asiatica*. He dropped the spinach on the ground and backed away discreetly.

"Her name," said Thelma, "is Minnie."

Bat acknowledged the introduction in silence. Minnie said "Bah!" and jabbed her greenery with her horns, daring him to come within goring distance.

"Bah yourself," he thought, and followed Thelma to the door and through it.

The room he entered came up to all the specifications of rustic dwellings as relayed to him via M-G-M. There was a fireplace with pots hanging on cranes, chintz curtains at the windows, smoke-stained rafters, wide floor boards scrubbed snow-white, and a large four-poster bed with a canopy. There was also a wheel chair containing a very aged and very wrinkled old man with a plaid shawl thrown over his shoulders.

Thelma said briefly:

"My father, Mr. Bilbo. He's paralyzed," she added under her breath.

The old man nodded and replied something in a language which Bat concluded to be Icelandish.

He knew that he'd remember that meal to his dying day. Thelma, most prodigal of hostesses, fried ham by the yard and eggs in pairs, threes, and royal flushes. She heaped his plate with German-fried potatoes and filled his cup again and again with coffee, upon the fragrant surface of which floated the golden nectar of Minnie the goat.

While she went about washing the dishes she conversed upon the subject of farming, and ended up by asking him if he were looking for a job. Bat tried to evade a direct answer, but finally admitted that he could use one slightly—adding, however, that farming was somewhat out of the orbit of his endeavor.

"I could show you," she said. "I need a man around," she added, contemplating him with frank appraisal.

BAT blinked under her deep scrutiny. A chill of apprehension shot down his spine. There was something about this daughter of the soil that fascinated him. He was no philosopher. He had never heard of the attraction of opposites, nor of applied eugenics. He was merely conscious of a vague uneasiness every time she brushed by him. Once when she had bent over to fill his plate anew, he had caught a whiff of her hair. He had the curious illusion, for an instant, of having centuries and eons roll from his shoulders, of standing on a hilltop, head in the wind, listening for her coming.

He brushed the notion aside impatiently, but it kept recurring as the girl moved about the room putting things in order.

Finally she came out flat-footed with an offer:

"I'll give you a dollar a day and your board and room."

Bat considered. He needed money badly. He also needed to lie low for a suitable period. Some three short counties away, the iron anklet had been found atop a sage-clad hill minus its tenant.

Apprehension of the fugitive was expected hourly—two weeks ago.

Enchilada County being proud of its chain gang, five hundred dollars had been offered for his capture.

Bat looked at Thelma, then away, and said that he'd try the job.

He was given a small room under the eaves, a little cubbyhole of a place with pink-flowered curtains at the window, a bed with a crazy quilt, and a marble-top washstand with a pitcher and bowl. With his customary caution, he examined the whole upper floor for quick and unobtrusive exit should occasion require it. At the other end of the hall was a second bedroom, larger than his own. Through the half-open door he ascertained by certain intimate garments that this was Thelma's boudoir.

His introduction to farming consisted in the hafted end of a hoe. Thelma was an excellent teacher. She worked side by side with him for hours, showing him how to scoop the brown earth lovingly about the base of the young potato plants. She worked with easy rhythmic movements of her smooth brown arms, her hoe describing gentle parabolas about her honey-colored head, while Bat sweated and sparred desperately to keep up with her,

his backbone a hollow tube filled with molten lead, and his ears the flaming scarlet of new-blown poinsettias.

From time to time he scowled at his mentor from under beetling brows. Her effortless grace annoyed him. After four solid hours of hoeing, all she had managed to raise were two small beads of perspiration that glistened on the bridge of her nose, while Bat's woolen undershirt clung to his soaked and aching back like a flock of snarling wildcats, and blisters the size of blimps were rising on his palms.

"My," she said, "you're a quick learner! We'll be finished by dark."

Bat squinted at the sun, still horribly high in the summer sky. "Ye-ah," he replied, "if it ever gets dark in this neck of the woods."

They worked close together, facing each other, Bat a little to leeward. Again he felt that curious soothing and, at the same time, exciting exhilaration as the perfume of her young strong body drifted down the wind. Somehow, the word "frail" seemed to fit Thelma Stefanson not at all. She was something new in the way of femininity.

He worked as in a trance for the rest of that afternoon. There were moments when his aching back and blistered hands seemed to belong to another. He, Battling Bilbo, the pride of Myrtle Street, was a disembodied something that hovered over a large patch of future German-fried, while his hoe drew erratic loops, orbits, and ellipses in the ovenlike air.

He dragged himself upstairs that night and sank upon his pallet with a groan of relief. He was asleep in thirty seconds.

Two minutes later Thelma called him for breakfast. He eased himself downstairs by the banister and doused his face in the washbowl at the back door.

When Thelma inquired brightly how he had slept, his first impulse was to crown her with the washbowl and toss her smile over his shoulder into the brook. Instead he said sourly, squinting at the young sun to assure himself that it was really in the east:

"On my stomach."

SOMEHOW—Bat never quite knew how—a week passed. The recuperative powers of his hundred and thirty-five compact pounds asserted themselves. His steel-spring muscles, trained and timed for execution in the ring, began to respond to the more homely and prosaic functions of husbandry. Once more he could look a potato in the eyes without flinching. His alert and inquisitive mind was absorbing all sorts of unique information.

He learned that the green stuff that grew in the meadow was alfalfa, not spinach, and that milk could be extracted from the south end of certain animals by feeding the green stuff to them. He never wearied of watching the white fluid squirt out between Thelma's efficient fingers, while Minnie munched alfalfa without any visible signs of personal affront.

He was beginning to enjoy the experience mildly when a new and disturbing element was projected into the picture.

His name was Rufus Clump. A large man with small obscene eyes and pointed ears, slightly tufted. Mr. Clump alighted from a car of ancient vintage one night precisely at suppertime. When he removed his hat, one saw that, for the sake of delicacy, he should have left it on. His voice, when he addressed Thelma and the invalid, had the empty sonorousness of a scuttled whisky barrel.

For some reason unknown to himself, Bat took a violent and instant dislike to Mr. Clump.

It wasn't because Mr. Clump's obscene eyes followed Thelma about the room constantly, nor that he laughed inordinately at his own elephantine jokes, nor that he ate with porcine indelicacy. It was a combination of all these things—plus.

Bat finished his supper hurriedly. Then, excusing himself, he went upstairs, flung himself upon the bed, and lay staring at the ceiling, a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach. The stertorous detonations which Mr. Clump regarded as conversation drifted up the stairway.

The man stayed for the better part of two hours. After he had gone, Bat went outside and found Thelma sitting on the stoop with her face raised to the stars. She reached out her hand and drew him down beside her. Neither said a word for a long time; then Bat ventured timidly:

"Ain't stuck on that big baboon, are you?"

Thelma laughed softly, but there was a catch in the laugh.

"I hate him," she said without a trace of rancor.

Bat drew a deep breath.

"K. O.," he said. "I'll lay him flat next time he comes around."

Thelma laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"YOU'RE a nice fellow," she said. She paused. "I don't know if you'll understand. He's been pestering me to marry him for two years. When I said I wouldn't, he went to the bank I borrowed the five hundred dollars from and bought the mortgage."

"I get you," said Bat. "And now he's flashing yer I O U on you?"

She nodded.

"He's coming back Saturday night for his answer."

"And if you don't marry him he takes the joint, Minnie and all?"

"Yes."

"And you wouldn't have him as a gift? Sure of that?"

She looked at Bat so long and searchingly that he felt a curious thrill percolate up and down his sanguinary spine.

"I am very certain," she replied.

Bat made a noise in his throat.

"Watch me paste him Saturday!"

"You mustn't do that. He's got the law on his side."

"And he's putting you on the spot? Lissen. He can't pry the farm loose and highjack it. All you haf to do is stick. I'll sock him."

The girl laid her hand on his knee.

"I like you. You're a nice, funny fellow. But that wouldn't do at all. Mr. Clump is the sheriff of this county."

Bat bristled. He felt the hair on the back of his head rise, and a sudden reminiscent tingling in the region of the ankle where the iron ring had left a scab.

"Wot?" he exclaimed in consternation.

"So you see it's--kinda hopeless," said Thelma.

Bat drew a deep breath.

"Ye-ah," he agreed; "it ain't so good."

He sat for a long time beside her, looking at the stars. All his life he had taken stars more or less for granted. In a vague sort of way he knew that they were put in the sky for the purpose of illumination before electric lights were invented, but that, like surface cars and Marquis of Queensberry rules, they were hopelessly outmoded. He hadn't thought much about them, one way or the other; but tonight they seemed friendly and close.

The evening was very still. Hardly a breath of air stirred. From the woods at the edge of the meadow came the soft call of some night creature going about its nocturnal business. The light of the lamp fall-

CARL CLAUSEN

was born in Denmark, sailed before the mast for seven years, tramped across Australia and New Zealand, fished for pearls, and traded for copra. His hobby is excavating for remains of prehistoric man, a pursuit he has carried on in every corner of the world.

ing through the open door threw a golden aureole about Thelma's head. Her face was in the shadow, but he saw something glisten on her cheek as she turned her head away. His hand moved forward. As it did so, the glistening hot something fell upon the back of his hand. He withdrew the hand hurriedly and went upstairs.

For a long time he stood at the window looking at the little globe of moisture on the back of his hand, in whose elastic surface there swung the reflection of a star. He shook himself, wiped it off on his pants leg, undressed, and crawled into bed.

The following four days were four centuries through which Bat moved, lived, worked, and ate without being aware of them. He ran the gamut of every emotion known to Messrs. Freud and Dorsey.

So far as he knew, he had never in his life been guilty of an unselfish act. Kindness was to Bat synonymous with weakness, and weakness was to him all seven deadly sins. He had once gone so far as to send a wreath of orchids to an ex-opponent when that gentleman was in no position to enjoy their exotic fragrance; but this was merely part of the formal routine of squaring himself with the Boxing Commission.

If any one had told him that he'd some day consider doing something monumentally unselfish, he'd have snorted in derision.

He could think of no better explanation but that he was getting old. He took to examining his face in the mirror for lines, and his head for gray hairs, but found neither. He sparred four rounds with himself in the wood lot, and found that his timing and footwork were perfect. He searched his soul and drew a blank.

Their Saturday-night supper was eaten in silence. Bat bolted his food. When he heard the cough of Mr. Clump's car in the lane, he pushed his chair away and arose. Thelma's eyes were averted. He stood teetering on the balls of his small agile feet for a second—then he caught her by the shoulders and kissed her savagely, lingeringly, and then quite gently.

The next moment he was gone up the stairs, followed by the cackle of the old man in the wheel chair.

SHERIFF CLUMP was dressed in what he considered the height of fashion—a light-gray Norfolk suit with checks large enough to have served as the original plat of the Louisiana Purchase; a fawn-colored derby riding at a rakish angle upon the fringe of mouse-colored hair that encircled his pate like a slightly misplaced halo; and brown button shoes with bunions.

He assured Thelma that she'd never looked better in her life, which was the truth, although he did not suspect the cause. There was a calm and serene light in her blue eyes, and her lips, parted in greeting her unwelcome visitor, were curved as in tender reminiscence.

Mr. Clump got down to business at once. He spoke at length upon the desirability of wedlock—with himself; waxed eloquent upon the subject of children—his own and Thelma's; and hinted magnificently at a honeymoon in Bisbee, Arizona. Finally, to prove his utter disinterestedness, he pulled out a fountain pen the size of a crowbar and Thelma's note for five hundred dollars, offering to endorse it back to her.

It was at this moment that Mr. Bilbo entered, dressed as if for departure. In his left hand he carried a bandanna with his simple lares and penates. In his right, the curved sickle.

Stepping up softly behind Sheriff Clump, he raised the gleaming blade and hissed:

"Cut your chatter and put your moniker on that I O U!"

THE sheriff reached for his gun, but Bat got there first, and Mr. Clump found himself in the embarrassing situation of being at the wrong end of his own .45.

His lantern jaw dropped wide open, laying bare a row of yellow snags incrusted with gold. He stared at Thelma for explanation. The girl's face had turned the color of a sheet. One hand was at her throat; the other came to rest upon the back of a chair for support. She stood staring at her hired man with a mixture of terror and admiration.

"Wha—what d'you mean?" Mr. Clump stammered.

"You heard me," said Bat. "If you can't write, make a cross—or I'll make you one—afterwards."

This was pure bluff. Bat had never fired a gun in his life. He had always looked upon crime as the profession of shirkers and dumbbells. If a thing was worth having it was worth fighting for—barehanded or with four-ounce gloves.

Yeggs that lugged gats lacked guts, was his laconic philosophy.

"D-d-d'you know who I am?" the officer spluttered, his monkeylike hands fanning the ceiling.

Bat grinned. "D'you know who I am? No? Well, I'm the guy that socked the sheriff of Enchilada with a cactus and lammed it off the chain gang. You collect five centuries reward for grabbin' me. Thelma and you is square, see? Now put yer moniker on the prescription and let's travel!"

Mr. Clump's cadaverous face was working.

"It ain't legal," he stormed, "forcing a man to sign—under duress."

"I figgered you'd spring that one," Bat said. "Think again. You'll make a spiel on the back of that paper that you got what's yours because Thelma don't aim to horn in on the reward. She's got it comin'—all of it. That fixes it plenty legal."

The girl took a step forward.

"I won't let you do it!" she cried. "You're not going to jail to save me!"

"Shut up!" Bat snapped. "I mean, keep your trap shut," he amended gently. "I'm running this. All right,

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

THE national tennis championships brought out one surprise at least. Spectators' clothes, instead of being in the light pastels every one has been talking about, were definitely dark. The bleachers were spotted with gold and green against gray, black, and some brown. The only relief was the Merry Widow hats. These, too, were mostly black, but had big white or colored stiffened net veils used as trimming around the crowns and repeated as scarfs. Agnès has gone Italian in a big way, with wide contrasting brims, rolling up or down, set sideways on skullcap effects of velvet which cover the forehead. DORAMILLER.

Clumpy—get busy or get rubbed out."

Sheriff Clump started to protest anew, but thought better of it and unscrewed his fountain pen with trembling fingers. For the next two minutes the only sound in the room was the scratching of the pen, while Bat followed every straggling word over Mr. Clump's shoulder, the muzzle of the .45 pressed against the small, if any, of the sheriff's back.

The job completed, Bat pushed the note across the table to Thelma without a word.

The girl was regarding *him*—not the slip of paper. There was that look in her blue eyes which Bat dreaded—and looked forward to. He jabbed the pistol in the sheriff's ribs and said huskily:

"C'mon, you!"

"Wait," said Thelma. "Will you let him go, Mr. Clump, if I marry you?"

Bat was totally unprepared for this turn of events.

"Cheese it!" he snapped. His dark eyes bent upon the girl were fathomless. "Lissen, kid, you ain't gonna marry that chimp, if I haf to shoot his ears full of lead."

"I can marry who I want," she came back with flaming cheeks.

BAT stepped back.

"Sure, kid," he replied in a flat colorless voice. "You country dolls are funny!"

"I'm not a doll—I'm a woman. And you think that you're smart because you're from the city, and—and—I love you, you darned little runt!"

Bat's head snapped back as if to dodge an uppercut.

He stood looking at her in silence; then a slow smile broke on his hard-bitten face.

"Runt yerself," he said softly. "Lissen, baby. They can't give me more'n a stretch for sockin' a sheriff. Six months ain't so long. If this gorilla bothers you while I'm gone, I'll mow his ears off with this sickle when I get back. You might sorta figger—I mean, you'll be getting ready, mebbe— What I mean is—I guess I'm nuts about you, too!"

Thelma smiled, her blue eyes wide with knowing tenderness.

"I'm ready," she replied. "I've waited for you to come along."

Bat tossed the gun on the table.

"All right, Clumpy," he said, holding out his wrists. "Do your stuff and let's travel."

Sheriff Clump reached for the pistol—but Thelma was too quick for him.

"You don't put handcuffs on my man," she said. "Hand 'em over."

Mr. Clump snarled in his throat. "I don't go callin' on—ladies—with handcuffs."

Bat took the girl's face between his hands and looked deep into her eyes.

"I don't know what it is, but you got it, kid," he said softly. "See you in church!"

THE END

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A Story Alive with Feeling, and the Tang of a Swift Surprise . . . of a Boy Who Needed a Friend, and How He Found Him

The DOG, the FROG, and the MYSTERIOUS

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

AT the end of two months (1864-65) we had never struck a pocket. We got many good prospects, but when the gold gave out in the pan, and we dug down, hoping and longing, we found only emptiness,—the pocket that should have been there was as barren as our own.—MARK TWAIN, in Roughing It.

THE procession was headed by the shadow. It was all the time falling downhill and pulling out longer, and did not stick to the trail. The Stranger followed, traveling light; he carried a cloth-covered canteen over his shoulder and a staff in his hand—no blanket, no pick, no spade, no pan in which to wash out his gold dust if he found any. The staff was a shaft of madrone, not found around Bar Gulch. A dog brought up the rear; I couldn't see his shadow at my distance. He was almost of a size with my dog Deacon.

The reason I had climbed the ledge, I was looking for Charley. Our printer was drunk again. Charley was the editor; he was off pocket-mining with a fellow, but I thought he might be coming home. The wind had been blowing from the south since Monday, and in California that means rain. Charley said it blew in from Oregon.

When I didn't see him, I slid down ahead to Bliven's store. Sure enough, the procession turned in.

"One plug of dog tobacco, dark," the Stranger told Pete Bliven, in his drawling voice, as solemn as a funeral.

Pete was good at answering plays like that. "What size?" he asked, just as solemn.

But he opened his eyes when the Stranger turned and asked the dog what size he was, and the dog barked twice, and then gave a funny cough that might have meant a word.

"Large size. Make it Navy."

The dog was named Sandy. The Stranger told me afterward that a joke is a joke, but a poor man can't afford to run as crazy as the sample. So they dropped the funny stuff. Pete, too; he was playing for another two bits for fine-cut, and got it.

The Stranger fingered his mustache and drawled on:

STRANGER

Just then the barrel caved in on pop, and he came down inside. He threw up his hand, bringing the shelf down on top of him, and everything on it.

by WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

"The flat over the hill back here looks like a graveyard that's been moved out of by all the angels in heaven. It looks awful. The gold diggers must have crowded in like prairie dogs."

"All of that," said Pete. "Only ten years; and all that's left of them is a few pocket miners that don't earn the salt in their beans, and a rain coming up."

The Stranger made a face and shoved his hands down into his pockets, pretending they weren't empty. Then he asked: "Where's the printing office?"

I didn't wait to hear any more, but legged it for the Journal, where I belonged. When the door opened I was standing on a box before the bourgeois roman.

"Where's the boss?" asked the Stranger, this time of me, after he had closed the door carefully to keep from pinching off the end of Sandy's tail.

A growl from behind the stove reminded me that I had been forgetting about Deacon. When I looked I saw him with his tail between his legs wishing the window was open.

"Is that dog trying to pick a fight?" the Stranger wanted to know.

"He's just sore," I said. "Pop mauled him last night something fierce, and it hurts his bones to lie down. He's black-and-blue, and his ribs hurt him where pop caught him with his foot. Deacon's a good dog. He won't fight."

The Stranger passed on what I said to his own dog: "Did you hear that, Sandy? Pop caught Deacon in the ribs with his foot." When Sandy growled out an answer, he said to my dog: "That wasn't for you, Deacon. Keep your hair on." Then he turned back to his own dog and told him, "At your left, against the wall, Sandy, stands a desk. Lie down in front of it."

"Your dog understands English," I said, when Sandy obeyed.

"Understands it? He can talk it; and he can talk

Chinese even better. See him—he's laughing. He understands English so well, he can see the joke in it."

I climbed down and walked around the end of the case stand, so as to watch him better.

"What are those scars he has?"

"The scars on his nose and that slash under his eye he got from a coyote while he was learning to block. That cut on his shoulder was slapped on him by a grizzly."

"Can I put him in the paper?"

"Who are you?" he asked me. "The editor?"

"Charley's the editor—he's out. I'm foreman."

"What's that in your hand? A stick? You've been setting type. Where's your copy?"

"It's an item," I said. "I set it out of my head."

"Let's see your item," said the Stranger.

He held it with the back of the stick toward him and read it aloud to Sandy:

"'Deacon McCabe went hunting yesterday. He caught a rabbit with his mouth.'"

"You're a printer yourself," I told him.

"Is your name McCabe, too, foreman?"

"That's my last name. My front name's Dick. Deacon and me use the same last name."

"If that's your dog's name, then you ate the rabbit."

"No, sir."

"Deacon ate it himself?"

"Deacon isn't that kind of a dog," I said.

"Where did that rabbit go?" He looked at Sandy. "What do you say, Sandy?"

That dog by the desk let out a growl.

"You gave that rabbit to pop," the Stranger said accusingly. "What did pop do with it?"

I told him that pop traded it in for a drink.

I could see the Stranger growing thoughtful all the way down his arm under his coat. Even his knuckles grew thoughtful.

"What did you have for dinner, Dick?" he asked me at last.

"Oh, just some little things. Our big meal's at night."

He did—I heard him. That dog at the desk let out another growl. The Stranger turned toward him and growled back.

"How old are you, Dick?"

"Eleven, going on twelve."

The Stranger looked at me, and then he looked at Sandy. After a while he spoke, talking to me but looking at Sandy:

"Seeing as how the editor is out, the thing for us to do is to talk to the foreman. We want a job. Sandy here is good at finding the news; he can even make news, if he has to. As for me, I'm an all-round printer. What's more, I can double in brass."

"That's a new one," I said.

He went on to explain: "I can write editorials and burial notices. The editorials would be the brass."

"We have a printer already," I told him, "but he's off on a drunk today. Charley pays him his wages in trade."

"Take you. I'm subbing for him."

AND with that he picked out a nail for his coat and hat, and ran his fingers through his shock of curly brownish-red hair, and began hunting for something to do.

He began in my alley, because he hadn't learned the run of the shop yet.

"Who taught you to set type, Dick? This drunken printer?"

"I just picked it up myself."

"I'm going to teach you right. Take your stick and let me see you set a line. No, not like that—you're holding your stick wrong. Hold it like this. Now let's see your motion. Bad. Very bad. Those jerky movements are just waste of time. Watch me. See, my arm moves slowly, but my fingers never miss, and when I slip the letter into the stick the nick is always out and the face always up. Try it again. That's better. Now tighten your line, dividing up the spacing. Try en quads. That's better. See the difference? Now set up something else. Out of your head will do."

So I began another item, using a slow motion and dividing up the spacing between the words. All I said was that we had a new printer in town, subbing for Dan Grote, and he had a dog with him named Sandy who could talk Chinese. When I had finished it he read it to Sandy. The dog listened without saying a word until he heard his name, and then he growled.

"All my fault," said the Stranger. "I forgot to tell you that Sandy is hiding out. You know—just until his trouble blows over. He committed a crime back here in the Amador country that I would have committed myself if I had thought of it in time."

"What was the crime?" I asked.

"He bit the sheriff's brown mule. So he asks you not to mention his presence by name."

"I'm glad you told me," I said.

"Sandy's a good dog, but mules set him crazy."

When he had me straightened out he began looking further.

"You have a good plant here. Must have set Charley back a couple of thousand, if he bought it new."

"He didn't," I said.

HE tried the balance of the impression lever on the press; he looked into the lye pot, that we kept filled by leaching out wood ashes; then, crossing to the center of the room, he sized up Charley's wooden imposing stones.

"Where did you find those sycamore slabs?" he asked. "Not around these parts."

"They came with the shop. The butcher has a chopping block that Charley thinks came from the same tree. Charley says sycamores grew through here before the gold hunters cut them out."

"And boxwood quoins!"

"They're Eastern. Shipped around the Horn."

"Are these forms dead? Where's your shooting stick and mallet? I think I'd better throw in a case of body letter."

I told him, and he loosened up the quoins of one of the forms. Then he wet the type with the sponge and set out a lift, using a steel make-up rule from his pocket, and balanced it on his little finger against his left palm, and began distributing type. He was the fastest man I ever saw. The type just seemed to find the right boxes themselves. I just stood and watched him. He showed me how he did it, but he wouldn't let me try it myself.

"You don't know the case well enough," he said. "When you are ready, Charley will give you a case of your own to practice on. Every printer likes to throw in his own case. A dirty case means a dirty proof."

He worked at distributing until every type box contained a high pyramid of damp letters. Then he looked at his watch. It was getting dark and our lamp wasn't very good.

"You forgot to give me my slug," he said.

Charley told me once that in a big printing office the straight-matter men were given type-high slugs with their number on them, to place on the galley at the head of their work, so that the proof would go to the right man. Small offices like ours didn't use slugs, but it was fun pretending. So Charley called me Slug Four and Deacon Slug Five and Dan he called Slug Six.

"You can take Slug Seven," I told the Stranger.

He laughed, because he didn't think I knew. "Slug Seven. Right. Now, if you'll call time, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll leave Sandy behind for fear of an officer, and you and I and Deacon will slip into the hotel for a snack of supper. It will do Deacon good to get out."

"I have to go home," I said.

"You can go home afterward." He turned to his dog. "Sandy, you wait for us here inside. If anybody comes in asking to see the editor, you vanish. This isn't your shop. I'll see that you get something to eat."

He began by arranging with the cook for Deacon's supper, so that we wouldn't have to hurry. Sandy wasn't so hungry; he had had a squirrel. And we didn't hurry, either. We had ham and eggs, and pancakes, and potatoes fried in grease, and doughnuts, and pickles, and coffee, and bread and butter, and pie. When we were through, the Stranger lighted his pipe. He offered me tobacco, but I didn't have a pipe. Even if I had had one, I wouldn't have smoked it. The risk was too great.

Then we went back to the office with Sandy's supper.

After that we split up, and I went home for the lamming I knew I had due me for being late. . . .

The way pop lit into me was sinful. He slapped me down and grabbed me before I could hit the floor and bashed in my other eye with his knuckles. Then he yanked me to my feet and slammed me against the wall and whaled me with a rope until it turned into work. When he quit I was so sore I couldn't feel a thing, some places.

During the night it began to rain and gave me something to listen to. I was glad when morning came, even if I did have to splash down the canyon in a drizzle. The water stuck my clothes to my skin; but I made a big fire in the stove with some stink cedar a fellow had dumped on Charley, and then when my teeth quit chattering I swept out the office, and picked Dan's pi out of the sweepings—the old stutter-finger, almost a quart—until after a while I dried out. Then I climbed up on my box and began putting the pi back in the case.

I was sniffling a little even yet, because I still hurt all over where pop had mauled me. He mauled me for three reasons. One reason was, I came home late. The second reason was, I didn't come home with Deacon. The dog had hid himself under a floor—he couldn't face another lift from pop's foot. But, all the more, pop wanted to make Deacon crawl up and ask his blessing. The third reason pop mauled me was, he had started a drunk on the wrong day and they wouldn't let him trade out my wages, which weren't due until Saturday. So he took them out of my hide.

WHEN I had cleaned up the pi, I got Charley's composing stick and his steel rule with the ears on it and began to practice my motions and my spacing.

I heard the door open behind me.

"Hello, Stranger!" I called over my shoulder.

"Slug Seven to you-all," the Stranger answered, "me being now a member of this chapel." Just then I turned and he saw my face. "Suffering cats! What have you been doing to yourself, boy? Picking on a stamp mill?"

"I had an accident," I said.

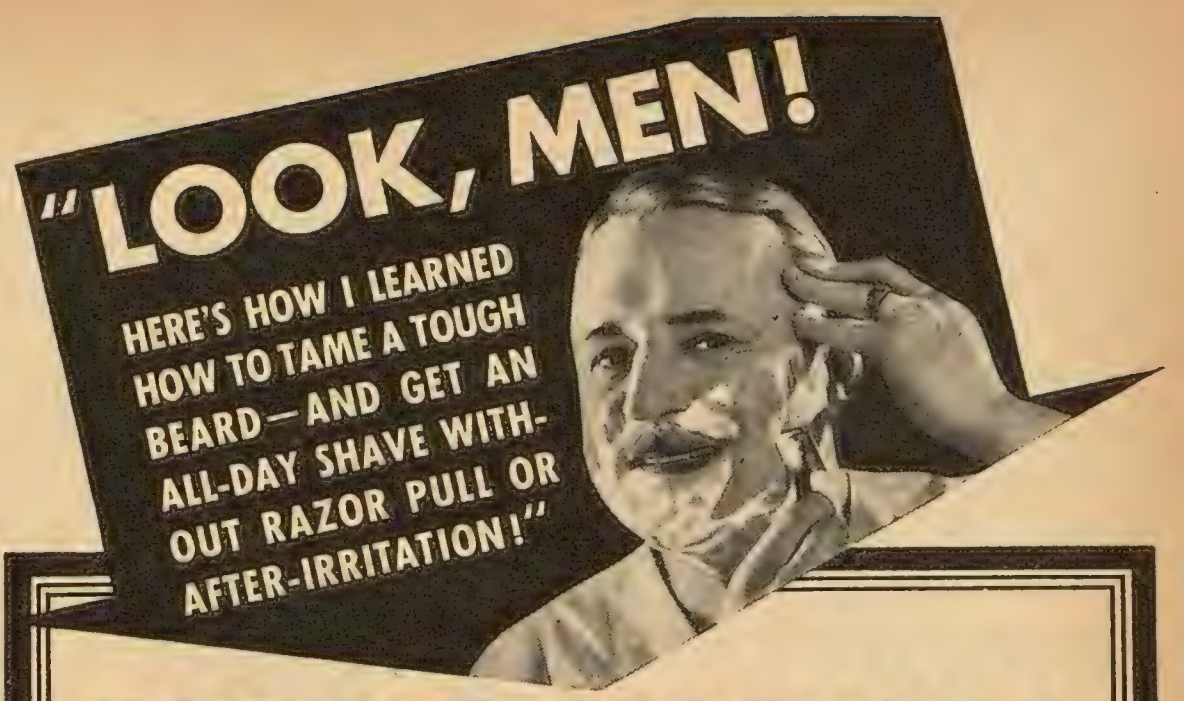
I knew how I looked, from seeing myself in the mirror Charley used for shaving. Pop had blacked both of my eyes; and the rope he had used wasn't always aimed straight, and a knot in it left a kind of gash across my forehead back into my hair. I had welts all over my cheeks and chin and neck, and my lips stood puffed out, and my hands were skinned where I had fetched up against a log.

His eyes turned into a black smolder. "An accident—like Deacon's?"

"He didn't hurt me much," I said, remembering how Deacon had caught it.

"Are you like that all over?"

"Worse," I told him, a little proud.



" Your mother let him do that to you and didn't interfere? "

" My mother's dead," was my answer to that.

Slug Seven waited while he counted twenty; then he asked:

" Is pop a big man? "

I saw what he meant and started to smile, but the smile ended at a ditch and I had to drop it. But I told him about pop. He had a hand like a ham.

" He'd lick you proper," I said. " He can lick anybody, pop can. He licked Pete Bliven."

" Still—you're my foreman."

Slug Seven stood looking through me. I knew from his eyes that he was mad clear through, and getting madder and madder.

" Let's see what you've set in your stick," he said.

So I showed him; and he rubbed his thumb over the type and read my item.

" Sandy! " he called. Sandy had slipped in through the door behind him while my back was turned. " Sandy! Listen to this, Sandy: ' A dog called yesterday at the Journal office. He does not want his name to be used.' "

When I looked at Sandy, that dog was laughing!

" Do you set much type out of your head? "

" I had three items in the paper last week," I told him.

" This item has points. I like it. Ever try anything longer? "

I answered that nothing ever happened much longer than that in this place.

" Some day you must learn. Things that are true don't have to happen. Ever read a story called Oliver Twist? "

" Was it in the exchanges? " I asked.

He pulled a dog-eared novel from his pocket.

" Here is one way you might tell a story, Dick. Just begin, and then fill it in. I'll read you a sentence or two."

He read, making more of his drawl:

" This here Conkey Chickweed kept a public-house over Battlebridge way, and he had a cellar where young lords went to see cock-fighting, and badger-drawing, and that. He warn't one of the family, at that time; and one night he was robbed of three hundred and twenty-seven guineas in a canvas bag, that was stole out of his bedroom in the dead of night, by a tall man with a black patch over his eye."

" Who wrote it? " I asked.

" A man named Dickens. I believe you could tell some of our mountain stories that way. Here's a story I heard over on Jackass Hill. Listen:

" Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too."

" I like your story better," I said. " What happened? "

Slug Seven smiled at something back in his mind. " That's what makes the story. I'll tell you something."

SO he hung up his coat and his hat and got out his pipe and rustled Dan's stick and began setting leaded bourgeois out of his head. He set type all morning, using that slow motion. When I looked on the floor, I couldn't see a dropped type.

He surely did; he took me to the hotel at noon, and Deacon too. I had to whistle for Deacon. He took us to the kitchen door, where the cook gave Deacon something he couldn't believe at first, and gave me another something to take back to Sandy. Then he took me into the dining room and filled me up to the ears.

" Charge it to the Journal," he said.

My boss Charley didn't show up until the middle of the afternoon. It was still raining. He dripped water like a roof, and his boots were so muddy it took him five minutes to kick loose. But when he saw me he just stood in his tracks and let 'er drip.

" You've had another licking," he said at last.

" Just a few scratches. Deacon got the licking."

Then he saw the Stranger. " Who's your friend? "

" He's subbing for Dan," I said. " Dan's on a bust. I gave him Slug Seven. He's a printer, and he owns a dog that's hiding out from the sheriff."

" Did you tell him what you'd pay him? "

" I told him about wages. He said that was all right; he couldn't do any mining in the rain, and he'll trade it out."

Charley's face brightened a lot, and he stomped over to the stove to watch himself steam.

" Who gave out that copy? " was his next question, as heat began striking in.

Slug Seven laid down his stick and came over to the stove and introduced himself.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG
learned the printer's trade in his youth, but his earliest ambition was to be a baseball pitcher. Instead, he began to teach English and later turned to the study of crime. He is the author of a number of serials, novels, and short stories.

" MY name doesn't matter—Lincoln, Grant, Stanton, any good name. I've been panning a little dirt with Jim Gillis, up Jackass way. Dick told you about my dog Sandy. He really is dodging that Amador sheriff. Because why? He bit a mule. Sandy can whip any coyote west of Muscatine, Iowa, and as for grizzlies, they hate him like poison ivy. He just slips in and cuts and ducks, all in one motion. I'm telling you about Sandy because he's subbing for Deacon. There might be a story in it. Growl for the editor, Sandy."

The dog let out a fancy growl—the best he had done.

" He understands English," I explained.

" He heard what happened to Dick," said Slug Seven, biting off his words.

Charley understood English, too. Again his face brightened. " I wish it would turn into a story—damn him! " he answered.

Slug Seven signaled to him with a bent finger and took him over to the galley he was using.

" I figured that this is the way it might happen," he went on, pointing to the type. " I told Dick that I doubled in brass. This is some of my brass."

Charley looked at the galley, and then he looked at Sandy watching him. Then he turned back to the type and began reading aloud from it. The story was about a boy and a dog and another dog and a man who traded the boy's wages for twenty-rod. It was kind of funny, too, because of the dogs. I couldn't help thinking of me and pop, except that the things that happened didn't fit.

Once, when Charley stopped, Sandy barked and coughed out a word and began dancing around stiff-legged, the way Deacon did the Sunday before when he found that tarantula.

" It couldn't happen," said Charley, when he came to the end.

I said that anyhow the story was funny, and if it was true it didn't have to happen. Charley said all right, but he hated to send me even into reach of the old devil. But Slug Seven said to leave it to him; pop would never notice.

" Sandy won't fold up on the boy. I'll coach him how to act. Let Dick take the dog and go home."

So I whistled for Deacon, and Slug Seven fixed him up with supper, talking under his breath, and fixed me up with mine, and we went back to Sandy with his, and after supper Sandy and I went up the canyon to the house. . . .

The first thing I noticed when I opened the door, pop wasn't at home. The second thing I noticed, Sandy let out a growl. So I lit a candle, to see what made him, and there it was. Pop had built a deadfall against the wall under the shelf where he kept the box of salt, and baited it with mutton scrap, laying for Deacon when he sneaked in. I showed it to Sandy and told him to keep away from it, and he promised.

Then I built a fire to dry us out, and we sat down to wait.

It was nearly midnight before pop showed up. I could hear the plunk of his feet through the mud way

down the road. His feet sounded wet and heavy, and I knew he would take that out of my hide, beginning over again, having whisky in him.

So I put some wood in the stove and snuffed the candle and lay down on the bench where I slept.

"You'd better get out of sight under a shadow," I said to Sandy. "He's swinging his right foot. He'll lift you through the roof when he sees you."

But the dog was half asleep and didn't pay any attention, except at the end of his tail.

"You'll sure get it," I told him. "He'll take you for Deacon, and he'll whale the tar out of you. Then how will I feel? I wish I could feed you rocks, so that when he kicked you he'd kick something. I wish—"

But pop was getting too close, and Sandy wasn't interested and I didn't say it, but hugged back against the wall on my bench and made myself small.

It was pop all right, and he had whisky in him. He bumped against the door outside, thinking it was further off than it was, and then he gave her a kick and blunted his toe, and then he raised the latch and yanked her open and stumbled inside and slammed her shut behind him and began sucking air like a frog, and I knew his meat wouldn't keep more than a minute longer. He might swing me around his head by the ankles, to see if his arm was strong. He could do it, easy.

But instead he stood inside for a minute, looking around the room.

THE first thing he saw was the dog, taking his snooze on the floor. The next thing he saw was me, pretending to be asleep on my bench. The third thing he saw was the deadfall, standing just as he had left it.

He didn't say a word, but walked across the floor, wet as he was, to the ax. Then he hunted out a piece of live oak, and sharpened it on one end, and I knew he was going to cook me tender this time. He took that wedge of wood and drove it in above the sliding bar that closed the back door, so that you couldn't open it if you tried. Then he took another piece of oak and did the same to the sliding bar that closed the front door, pounding that wedge in solid. Then he flicked the ax off behind him into the corner with one twist of his big wrist, without caring where it landed. It landed, breaking the handle. Pop was a big man, with big muscles and bones.

I lay watching him without saying a word; and he didn't say anything either, but just got things ready, cold-blooded, like Charley wetting down paper. Sandy didn't move.

The first thing pop did, after letting go of the ax, he turned toward Sandy, thinking it was Deacon. Then he began walking across the floor very slow, like a man stalking a smart burro.

"You're smart dog," he said. Then he forgot he was talking to Deacon and began on me. "Ham and eggs and pancakes and God knows what,

Days just don't come too hot

Old Man Sun can shine his worst. And Old Lady Humidity bedraggle us. But the days just don't come too hot for Spuds to be refreshingly cool. Lean back and light one. And while you are enjoying that fresh, clean smoke—notice how Spud brings out all the hidden fragrance of mellow tobacco. That's the *extra* gift Spud's process gives you—by ridding your cigarettes of *taste-spoiling heat.*

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Snapshot of Arthur H. Rice, Attorney, of Detroit, Mich.

THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO SAVE MONEY

Dear Sirs:

Recently, I returned from a motor trip from Detroit, Michigan, to Miami, Florida—a distance of approximately three thousand miles.

When I left Detroit, I filled my crankcase with Quaker State Motor Oil. And although I drove my Chevrolet over long stretches at approximately sixty to sixty-five miles an hour, completing the trip to Florida in three days, I found it unnecessary to add as much as one-half quart of oil, although the crankcase was frequently checked. I had never had anything like this distance from other oils.

Moreover, Quaker State performed exactly the same on my return trip to Detroit.

I wish to compliment your company on your fine product, and assure you that one of the best ways I know to save money is to spend a few cents more for motor oil and get Quaker State. I will be a constant future user.

Very truly yours,

Arthur H. Rice

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

and me strapped down at Dutch's."

But he didn't forget what he was going to do to Deacon. He came creeping up slow, to get within kicking reach, thinking that Deacon might wake up and lose his nerve and run, as he used to do before he learned his lesson. Pop sometimes let him crawl up on his belly for his mauling.

Tonight pop was acting uglier than I had ever seen him. I had to keep on watching him. I saw him creep up nearer and nearer, with Sandy never suspecting. I saw him lean forward, balanced on his left foot. Then I saw him draw back and let go.

The next minute I saw something else. I saw Sandy duck back exactly in time for pop's foot to carry past his nose. Pop had let go with all the force of his body. Sandy didn't wait to see what became of the foot, but slashed out sideways at pop's left ankle, as quick and cool as if pop was only a grizzly bear instead of a man. He learned that trick baiting the big fellows, but the slashing cut was one an old coyote taught him.

I don't know as I can explain. When Deacon bit into anything, he just bit. Sandy's bite was more like the bite of a pickax. He used his lower jaw too, but its bite was like the bite of another pickax. He bit with everything he had, going and coming, like a wolf. While Deacon would still have been tasting his mouth for teeth, to see if he still had any, Sandy had slashed out five or six times.

I don't know whether pop would have lost his balance of himself or not, missing his mark that way. Anyhow, he lost it now. He hit the floor so hard he broke a board; and before he had time to bounce up and fall on another, Sandy was all over him. I saw a nest of hornets after a fellow once—hornets everywhere. Sandy was like that. All I could see was teeth reaching pop where he lived.

HE slashed through pop's boots into the calves of his legs. He got hold of his toes—a two-way cut, and the sole of pop's boot made no more difference than if it had been made of pasteboard. He bit him in the knees, first one, then the other. When pop rolled over, Sandy followed him up and filled the lower part of him with saddle boils. When pop lashed out at him with his big fists, all he hit was a harrow upside down.

Slug Seven had taught Sandy not to make any waste motions. And he didn't—not one! He didn't let out one growl or cough or snarl, or take a cut that missed.

It was pop who wasted his motions, getting excited and yelling to me to help him. Then when I didn't, not so soon, he began crying murder at the top of his voice; as if our cabin was within hearing distance of anybody in town, to begin with, and as if anybody could have broken in when they reached us.

I never saw a man get sober so fast. By the time Sandy reached his middle, pop was as sober as I was. He wriggled to his feet somehow, hands up. He ran to the back door; but it was wedged shut. He ran to the front door; it was wedged shut too. Once he stopped to kick out at Sandy; but when he missed and came down, and wriggled up quick, but too late, to get his arms out of reach, he began acting sensible again. What he did was to take off the brakes and steer for the top of a barrel against the wall beside the deadfall. And Sandy let him climb on top of it, as if he wanted him there.

"That's enough, sir," I said, remembering not to use his name. "Down, sir! Down!"

I saw him do it—Sandy looked over at me and winked his left eye. Then he sat back on his haunches, watching pop where he had him treed.

RIGHT there somebody outside began pounding on the door.

"Hello, in there!" called a voice. It had a touch of drawl in it for all of its excitement. "What's wrong in there? Anything wrong in there?"

Pop didn't hear it; his own noise filled his ears. But Sandy heard it. He didn't take his eyes off of pop, not for one second, but he let out a rasping snarl.

"Oh, all right!" said the voice. "Hold him, boy! One of you slide over and open the do ·."

"Pop wedged it shut with an ax!" I called back, knowing now who it was.

"Who's talking?" he asked. "I can't tell your voices apart."

"It's Dick," I said. "Sandy's busy."

"Where's pop?"

"Standing on a barrel."

But I was wrong. Just then the barrel caved in on pop, and he came down inside, but off balance. He threw up his hand to catch hold of the shelf, to save himself. But he couldn't. He tipped over on top of the deadfall, bringing the shelf down on top of him, and everything on it; and when Sandy began whittling at his toes, he was in such a hurry to get them back into the barrel, he churned things into a tangle.

"What was that?" asked Slug Seven, outside.

"Pop was standing on a barrel and the head gave way. He's all right now."

But he wasn't. Suddenly he began yelling worse than ever. Sandy had bitten him until he felt like the flat the gold diggers had turned over, and on top of that he had tipped the salt on his head and shoulders, and his clothes were wet, and the salt was beginning to etch the cuts into patterns.

"Now you know how I felt when my clothes were wet," I couldn't help telling him.

But all he could do was dance up and down and yell, and he didn't hear me.

"Listen, Dick," said Slug Seven. "You go get that ax and knock out the wedge and open the door."

"Pop'll whale me green," I said. "He's mad."

Pop heard that better. "Open it, Dick! I'd do it for you! Only hurry!"

So I went and got the ax head where he had thrown it, and came back and split out the wedge and shot the bolt.

"Take that dog and shoot him!" cried pop, when he saw help in the doorway. "He bit me up something awful!"

It was Sandy's owner he was talking to; but Charley stood beside him, listening in.

Slug Seven turned to the dog. "Did you bite this gentleman, Sandy?"

The dog growled out a cough, and pop began dancing again.

"Take him off!" he cried.

"So that was it! He says you tried to kick him!" He turned back to the dog. "You did right, Sandy, to hold him in that barrel until somebody came. Now let the gentleman climb out; and then take him to town to find a doctor. If he tries to kick you again, run him up a tree. We'll tag along."

POP looked at Slug Seven; but something in his face made him climb out of the barrel fast. He started down the road at a trot, splashing water like a side-wheeler, with Sandy behind him. After a minute we heard him yelling again worse than ever.

Slug Seven turned to me, kind of worried. "Sandy understood me, didn't he, Dick?"

"He did. I expected pop to sing a little. That's just the rain melting the salt into him further."

And I explained about what pop had pulled down on his head when he tipped over. Charley began laughing then; but Slug Seven told me he thought I'd better put out my candle now and sleep with him at the hotel the rest of the night. Pop might get hold of a gun. . . .

The next day toward noon it began to clear up, and Slug Seven said he would have to move on. He had to get his pack. You can't live out of a pipe. A man on Jackass Hill was waiting for that tobacco.

"Buy my paper," said Charley.

"What with?"

"Your note for ninety days."

"What for?"

But Charley couldn't answer that one. Slug Seven thought he would work at mining until Saturday night, and then if he didn't find a rich pocket he would start out for Stockton, so as to make the night boat on Monday. A good man could always get on as a sub in San Francisco.

"Sandy would like that," I said.

But he shook his head. "The police would break him. I was thinking about Sandy last night. Why not leave him with you for a while? I can't take him to Jackass, because Jim Gillis owns a cat. I can't send him back to Amador, because of that sheriff."

Charley spoke up: "We're losing Deacon, Dick. His owner is coming for him Sunday."

Deacon was a loan dog, until his owner found a job. That's why pop

HURRY! ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT

WIN $1,000.00 IN CASH

Gillette Also Awards 60 R C A Victor "Magic Brain" RADIOS AND OTHER PRIZES

GIVE MAX BAER'S DOG A NAME—

HURRY! Send in your suggestion for a name for Max Baer's wiry little he-dog and win one of these great prizes. The radios awarded each week are the new RCA Victor "Magic Brain" all-wave sets that bring world-wide entertainment into your home. Retail value $125.50 complete with RCA Antenna System. Handsome console grand cabinet of walnut veneers—full vision dial makes short-wave tuning easy. Forty Gillette Aristocrat $4 one piece razors are also awarded weekly. The $1,000 Grand Prize goes to the person sending in the name judged best during the entire contest. This contest closes July 20th—so hurry! Read the easy contest rules and enter NOW!

CONTEST RULES

1. Suggest a name for Max Baer's dog. Each name must be accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package. To qualify you must mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased the blades.
2. Each week from June 17th until July 22nd the 10 persons who submit the best names received up to noon Saturday of the preceding week will receive a $125.50 RCA Victor All-Wave 1935 "Magic Brain" Radio including RCA Antenna System.
3. In addition, 40 people submitting the next best names each week will receive a Gillette $4.00 Aristocrat One Piece Razor. At the conclusion of the contest a grand prize of $1,000.00 in cash will be awarded for the name judged to be the most appropriate submitted during the entire contest.
4. Names will be judged for originality, uniqueness and aptness. Judges' decisions are final. No entries returned. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of tie. Everyone is eligible to enter except employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company and their families, or employees of Gillette's advertising agency and their families.
5. Send in as many names as you wish provided each is accompanied by an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" package and the name and address of the dealer from whom you purchased the blades. If you use Probak blades (another Gillette product), you may accompany your name suggestion with an empty Probak package. All other rules apply.
6. Winners will be announced every Monday night on Gillette's Max Baer "Lucky Smith" broadcast over WEAF and associated NBC stations coast-to-coast.
7. Hurry! Mail your entry now. Submit as many names as you please but be sure to enclose an empty Gillette "Blue Blade" (or Probak) package with each name. Mail your entry to Gillette Safety Razor Co., Dept. L-24, Box 20, Boston, Mass.

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

LISTEN IN! *Max Baer, heavyweight fighter, stars every Monday night in Gillette radio drama "Lucky Smith". WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations.*

hated him so. He couldn't trade him for whisky.

"I'd like to have him," I said, "but pop would poison him sure. He's liable to poison me."

Again Slug Seven shook his head. "Pop won't poison anybody. With Deacon's owner coming for him on Sunday, and Deacon still sore all over? Charley says he weighs a ton. Charley says he'll whale pop into mustard. Pop'll never wait out that wild man."

That meant pop and me might be hitting the trail any minute. I guess I showed in my face how I felt.

"You're to stay behind with Charley," Slug Seven went on. "Charley and I had a talk with pop while ago. He told us something about you that Charley didn't know. Pop isn't your father—he's only your stepfather."

"Pop is out," Charley said.

So then I said I would, and Slug Seven explained the circumstances to Sandy, and the dog came over and lay down with his chin on my feet, and that was settled. Sandy and I walked out with him as far as the big burned stump, to see him off. We stood watching him a long time.

A couple of weeks later Slug Seven sent me a letter from San Francisco. It contained a funny squib clipped from a Nevada paper, marked in ink: "How not to tell a story." Charley knew the writer, or anyhow his name. Slug Seven said he was going to Honolulu, and I could have Sandy for my own.

After that we didn't hear from him for a long time. Then one day Charley brought me a package from the express office. When I opened it I found a kind of book inside. The paper felt new. Inside the cover was pasted a picture. When I showed it to Sandy, he recognized it too and barked. It was Slug Seven.

When I came to look at the book, I saw writing across the title page. It read:

"The rest of that story. To Dick and Sandy, from the author."

The story was the one about Smiley and his jumping frog. The name printed on the title page was MARK TWAIN.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" said Charley. "The Nevada man!"

But Sandy just sat back on his haunches and laughed. He knew it all the time.

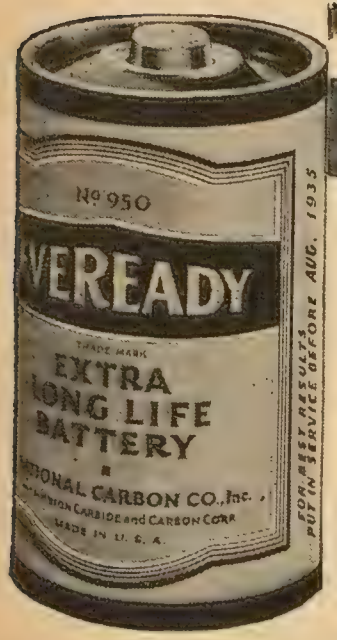
THE END

CRITICAL MOMENTS No 2

"THE NIGHT THE TWINS GOT LOST"

"A storm was blowing up. As darkness came, Mabel and I were frantic. But with our Eveready Flashlight we found the little explorers . . . and in the thickest, blackest part of the woods, too!"

(Excerpt from an actual letter)



AT TIMES LIKE THIS ...YOU'RE GLAD THEY'RE FRESH

LOOK FOR THE "DATE-LINE"

Dependability and long-life in batteries depend on FRESHNESS. Batteries tend to "go dead" on dealers' shelves. But all Eveready Flashlight Batteries have a "Date-Line" which guarantees *they're fresh!* . . . National Carbon Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED** by Emile Gauvreau. The Macaulay Company.

The editor of the New York Daily Mirror compares America and Russia—and writes the first genuine American book on the subject. Some of its photographs are utterly horrible—for example, the full-page portrait of the Lindbergh baby remains—but they all have pertinence and meaning, not always flattering to our complacency.

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION** by William Henry Chamberlin. The Macmillan Company.

The distinguished correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor has here produced a voluminous yet always readable narrative of the years from 1917 to 1921. Hitherto no such book as this was available. One had to read many books and then would not have the splendidly documented and coherent story which Mr. Chamberlin has written. The student must appreciate Mr. Chamberlin's passion for fairness and completeness of information—his opportunities for obtaining data were remarkable.

★ ★ ★ **AND MR. WYKE BOND** by W. B. Maxwell. D. Appleton-Century Company.

A new characterization in fiction, a lovable, understandable snob, Mr. Wyke Bond is apt to take his place among your favorite story-book heroes.

★ ★ ★ **CATHERINE: THE PORTRAIT OF AN EMPRESS** by Gina Kaus. The Viking Press.

Here is a woman writing about the great Catherine fairly, in contrast with the assured portrait of her by Katharine Anthony.

★ ★ ★ **NOT BUILT WITH HANDS** by Helen C. White. The Macmillan Company.

A splendid chronicle of eleventh-century Italy, wherein beauty and serenity walk hand in hand with turbulence.

★ ★ ½ **I KNEW 3000 LUNATICS** by Victor R. Small. Farrar & Rinehart.

Hilarious anecdotes and horrible episodes told by a doctor after six years' experience in a large Southern insane asylum. Why is America turning to a ghoulish interest in lunatics?

★ ★ **GARDENING SHORT CUTS** by M. G. Kains. Greenberg: Publisher.

This is a man's book presenting garden short cuts in sturdy no-nonsense intelligent manner.

★ ★ **RIPENESS IS ALL** by Eric Linklater. Farrar & Rinehart.

About a wealthy, sentimental bachelor who believed in a large family. Mr. Linklater at his hilarious best.

BRATS, BRAVADO, BAFFLEMENT

The Films Present Something New in Juvenile Misbehavior, Enact a Lusty Tale of Western Bad Men, and Submit a Pleasantly Puzzling Exercise in Murder at College

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ GINGER

THE PLAYERS: Jane Withers, O. P. Heggie, Jackie Searl, Walter King, Katherine Alexander, Leonard Carey. Directed by Lew Seiler. Screen play by Arthur Kober.

IN this, the biggest year ever for child players, Fox comes through with a bouncing little film called Ginger that may well set a new style in post-kindergarten cutups. Not prettied by Shirley Temple's misplaced dimples nor glorified by the stanch young Americanism of Jackie Cooper, Ginger has for its leading players nine-year-old Jane Withers and Jackie Searl, whose combined brattishness marks a new high in misbehavior and affords much more entertainment than is proper.

Full of that contrived sentimentality known as hokum and built upon a story structure so familiar that each development can be easily anticipated, Ginger remains an offering to delight even the most casual picturegoer. Perhaps the chief reason for the film's appeal is Arthur Kober's screen play, with dialogue exaggerated just enough to make it ring true and a sprinkling of lively antics which those Katzenjammer Kids, Miss Withers and Master Searl, handle in handsome fashion.

Jane, whom you may remember as Shirley Temple's heckler in Bright Eyes, is seen as an orphaned slum hoyden taken away from an unemployed Shakespearean actor (O. P. Heggie) to be cared for by Katherine Alexander and Walter King, a young couple of great wealth. Finding the regimented luxury of her new home not nearly so exciting as the precarious existence in the slums with the old actor, Jane's lonesomeness is abetted by Walter King, who becomes her ally against the priggishness of the rest of the family. By the time Miss Withers wins the mother to her side, Jackie Searl, King's son, has been converted from a harp-playing sissy to a brawling young hellion. And while her method of character changing is open to debate, Jane is given our enthusiastic endorsement as an asteroid to shine beside Freddy Bartholomew and Shirley Temple.

Smartly directed by Lew Seiler and given nice performances by Walter King and Jackie Searl, Ginger is all Miss Withers's, whose imitations of ZaSu Pitts and Garbo give this bustling film its brightest moments.

O. P. Heggie and Jane Withers in Ginger, wherein Miss Withers reaches a new high in juvenile misbehavior.

VITAL STATISTICS: Itsy-bitsy Jane Withers is the youngest heavy in the business. She is the bad little girl who made good in Bright Eyes with Mlle. Temple. She is neither pretty nor cute but has personality. She was born in Atlanta, Gawguh, April 12, 1926, daughter to Walter E. Withers, tire-company feller. Mrs. Withers, denied a like profession as a girl, raised Jane on grease paint and make-believe. At four Jane was Atlanta's child Garbo. Atlanta's WGST heard her for two years. She was also accumulating Spanish, French, horseback riding, and other Shearer virtues. It was decided then to leave for Hollywood and seek bigger pay checks. For seven months none of the studios would have Jane except for odd bits. So Jane went radio again, becoming the Nuisance of the KFWB Juvenile Revue. Her skill at imitations won her the rich-little-brat part in Bright Eyes and a contract. Now, at nine, her trouping skill is pretty advanced—better than that of many a cutie twice her age. Off scene Jane is wholesome, slightly plump, plays with a gang of bungalow courtiers sharing her family's modest quarters. She doesn't get much more than a bank vice-president gets, but soon she'll be in the Shirley Temple money-squawking class. She has a collection of 117 dolls, gifts of admirers and celebs. She collects stamps; owns a small menagerie; features Garbo, Gaynor, Rogers, and Crosby among thirty-seven stage and screen imitations. Slides down banisters, which she kept doing during scene shooting. She wants a monkey; her parents want a farm. She has dark hair and brown eyes, and claims she hated to play the meanie opposite Shirley Temple. Insists she's crazy about Shirley. She sings more than 100 songs and completed her fourth-grade work in her second year at school. Has an amazing memory, mastering four solid pages of new fresh-laid dialogue in two hours, letter-perfect. . . . Jackie Searl is the youngest bad man of Hollywood. He is fourteen and says his screen villainy forces him to have to fight his way through any new neighborhood he moves into or any new school in which he enrolls. This is the second nonviperous role he's been allowed in his life, though he always wants to play a regular fellow. He is a natural athlete; can high-jump himself or horses; has won enough medals with his horse exploits to cover a Central American general with a breastplate. He owns only two horses, he says regretfully, but they're swell ones. . . . Katherine Alexander insists she is too normal to make good copy. She's been happily married for nine years to William A. Brady, Jr. Has a seven-year-old dotter, Barbara. Prepares as carefully and methodically as a business man for a Rotary Club speech for her every role. Was born almost unromantically in Oklahoma, somewhere near Fort Smith, Arkansas. There's no name for the place—reckon it's jest backwoods, podner. Has tremendous acting range but needs to blow her own trumpet more in order to go places with a bang. . . . Arthur Kober, who wrote original story, is ex to Lillian Hellman, who didn't get the Pulitzer Prize for her best play of the year: The Children's Hour. . . . There is much talk of studio combines which would leave only three major studios in the Hollywoods. Fox and Twentieth Century (which made about $3,000,000 off its Zanuckian crop of celluloid) will soon become wedded in eternal financial wedlock—which means we may yet see Shirley Temple and George Arliss fighting over their name sizes on theater marquees, or—who knows? —playing Romeo and Juliet.

★ ★ ½ THE ARIZONIAN

THE PLAYERS: Richard Dix, Margot Grahame, Preston Foster, Louis Calhern, Ray Mayer, James Bush, Willie Best, Joseph Sauers, Francis Ford, and others. Directed by Charles Vidor. Screen play by Dudley Nichols.

THERE was a time when the screen cloaked outlaws with a mantle of glamour; but no more. Repeal and the depression are probably the prime motivators in the aver-

age person's sudden distaste for bad men, but whatever the reasons for this new trend, the movies have not been long in catching up with it. Not only are we in the midst of a cinema flurry honoring our federal agents, or G men, but even the horse operas are beginning to show bandits as weaklings when faced with an irate deputy.

But all its insistence that the law is 100 per cent right does not prevent The Arizonian from being a scorching burly melodrama of the old West. There's gun-fighting in every reel as this saga of mushroom mining towns unfolds its lurid panorama. The picture begins with a stagecoach robbery and abduction of Margot Grahame, which Richard Dix, brandishing two pistols, immediately foils. And from there on the whistling of bullets drowns out everything else on the sound track.

Richard Dix and Margot Grahame in The Arizonian, a horse opera which doesn't make heroes of its bad men.

For his heroism Dix is made a special policeman, a position he is reluctant to accept when he discovers that the local politicians are not as all-wool as their checkered shirts. But with the aid of Preston Foster, a reformed gunman, he sets about to clean up the gambling town. That their task includes daily battles with death and a matching of wits with Louis Calhern and his crew of gun-toting riders gives The Arizonian its primitive excitement.

Produced on a richer scale than most horse operas, and weakened only by the crudely handled Negroes in comedy relief, The Arizonian's unashamed bravado and overbubbling energy make it a completely acceptable Western.

VITAL STATISTICS: This one, formerly called Boom Days, is technically a Grade-A Western, costing somewhere around $300,000. . . . Ernest Brimmer—pardon, Richard Dix—needed only treys to tie the quints when his wife, a former sektry, presented him with doublets not so long ago. The twinsies are boysies. Dix is a Minneapolis boy, as you know, has a child by a former wife, and has been around longer than Barrymore's been a juvenile. He's been a star for twelve years and feels he's good for twelve more. Just as he's nicked as washed up, out he comes with some bit of virile if crude acting and he's off again. It's the eternal he-man! Is successful as a gentleman rancher near Hollywood, but doesn't like the first hunk of the appellation. Can retire at the flop of a picture, his sound investments assuring him a nonpoorhouse end. Is great-great-great-grandson of General Brimmer, one of our General George Washington's Revolutionary War military stooges. He's off to England for a picture at present. Chose acting originally to save himself from a career in his father's soapmaking plant. . . . The Gem Variety Opry House you see is a composite of the ones in which they shot the tenor daid in Deadwood, Bismarck, Cheyenne, Wild West towns. . . . Action takes place in Tombstone country which weaned such honey babes as Billy the Kid, Curly Bill, Doc Holliday, John Ringo—gentlemen who never committed one killing when two would do. They say it still makes you feel queasy to travel through Tombstone country and some claim there are descendants of Billy the Kid around. California's Vasquez Rocks, hide-out for early Californian bandits, were used to approximate Tombstone country for picture. . . . The bullet that knocks Dix's hat off his head was fired by Podner Jones, who makes his living at such matters. Podner says his most difficult shot was to pop a watch off Tom Mix's heart. . . . Margot Grahame takes two thirty-minute runs in front of her Malibu Beach digs for her figure, one before work, one after. She always goes on a salad diet while working, always has her dog Toots—a new cross-breed of English sheep with German shepherd—on the set with her the first day of every new picture starting. . . . Ted Oliver had forty-seven head operations after having his face bunged up in the convoy service during the war. It made a heavy out of him, the plastic surgeons leaving him that hard-looking. . . . Francis Ford, ex-serial star, plans to retire soon and give the young-timers a chance. . . . Preston Foster is expecting to do some treasure hunting off Méjico this summer. He will be a two-gun man in The Last Days of Pompeii first. . . . Ray Mayer likes to write and his ambition is to be a college professor. . . . Don Rowan, despite his marvelous physique—he's 6 feet 3 and weighs over 200—has never touched a lick of athletics. He's the artistic type, more interested in playing pianos and not moving them. You may have seen him in Sailor Beware or Lady Be Good. . . . Charles Vidor is wedded to Karen Morley; had never seen but two Westerns in his life before knocking off this un. He 'n' Karen have a youngster.

★ ★ ½ COLLEGE SCANDAL

THE PLAYERS: Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, William Frawley, Benny Baker, William Benedict, William Stack, Johnny Downs, Edward Nugent, Joyce Compton. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Story by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Milhauser.

COLLEGE SCANDAL is pretty good proof that a good story can survive almost any treatment. The picture is directed with no sense of balance, is awkwardly adapted and poorly played—except by Arline Judge and Ed Nugent—yet for all this there is so much suspense in this murder mystery that few who catch the film at its introduction will be able to leave before the discovery of the killer.

It seems as though the studio went out of its way to make a mess of College Scandal—a title, in view of the many killings, that is the best piece of understatement to come out of Hollywood. Treated in a simple intelligent manner, the film could hardly have missed being excellent material for the sleuthing fans. But some one has seen fit to show the college as one of those typical movie institutions with all the stock gags and characters and the usual poorly spotted bright dialogue, intending evidently to make a combination College Rhythm and Dracula.

In spite of the way it works against itself, College Scandal holds interest. When one student is mysteriously murdered, the campus is shocked. When his friend is also killed all extracurricular activities are halted. And when Eddie Nugent, third of the group, is attacked, the student body and faculty are at what can only be called their wits' end.

There are a good assortment of suspects, but for the best clue check the parentage of the boy who died in prep school.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is a Paramount quickie, which means, despite its mailing-list cast, it cost between $150,000 and $200,000. . . . The cast was young and rambunctious, spending most of its time practicing ancient Hollywood ribs, such as luring unsuspecting victims to sit in a specially rigged electric chair, or "hot squat." This device automatically delivereth a shock to the sad boob. These ribs eventually got on nerves of director and others over twelve mentally, and only the picture coming to an end kept another murder—a real one—from being committed to supplement the one done in the piktsch. . . . Most of the cast comprises Paramount's Junior College, who some day hope to rise from $50-a-week freshies to $1,500-a-week seniors. These freshies major in courses in Charm, How to Hold the Body in Relation to Villainous Attacks, Kissing, The Proper Attitude toward the Director, and How to Be Human Though a Juvenile. Most studios operate such schools and occasionally some one graduates to contract honors from them. . . . Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles in private life) can get her thousand a week at will but doesn't care whether she does or not. She doesn't in fact care if she gets anywhere rapidly. The mother of Charley Ruggles, aetat three, she makes a lovely hausfrau and longs more for another child than for a million autograph hunters. . . . Wendy Barrie (Wendy Margaret Deirdre Jenkin) was born in Hong Kong, where her father is a king's counsel. Came out in Hong Kong (not related to King Kong) after a European-convent education. Was screen-tested after Alexander Korda stepped over to her table at the Savoy, London, where she was lunching, introduced himself, and asked her if she'd like to make a million dollars. Was engaged to Jack Woolworth Donohue, the Big Dimer, until one recent day. She gets about $750 a week. . . . Kent Taylor is of Nashua, Iowa. He began his worldly career as a window trimmer in a ladies'-ready-to-wear jernt at Waterloo, not Napoleon's but Ioway's. Then he shipped large hunks from a meat packer's. Later he carried cement to a mixer; tended gas burners in a nut-and-bolt factory; and on moving to Los Angeles he joined his dad in an awning company, a business very much on the house. From awnings it was but a natural step to the talkies, the mechanics of which are apparent, so I won't go into them. . . . Squat broad beaming Benny Baker you know better as Lou Holtz's favorite stooge, H. Leopold Shawowsky. Benny, who is from Missouri, drove a grocer's truck; worked in the ad dep't of the Lincoln (Nebraska) Journal; in a cloak-and-suit factory at Rochester, New York; as candy butcher in Gaiety burlesque. His first part was with George Cukor's stock company.

★ ½ PARIS IN SPRING

THE PLAYERS: Mary Ellis, Tullio Carminati, Ida Lupino, Lynn Overman, Jessie Ralph, James Blakely, Dorothea Wolbert, Harold Entwistle. Directed by Lewis Milestone. From a play by Dwight Taylor.

PARIS IN SPRING is a rather tepid affair, being one of those dated amatory mix-ups that pretend to be naughty; but it never quite makes the grade as a nimble light-hearted farce, nor does it come off as a musical.

The film opens with a man ascending Eiffel Tower, from which he plans to jump to his death. There he meets a young woman with the same depressing thought beneath her chic bonnet.

The remainder of the film has these two finding their way back to love, both of them being hampered a bit by an elderly deaf woman who has lost her ear trumpet and can't understand their explanations.

Mary Ellis is heard in lovely voice and young James Blakely delivers a fresh and winning performance; but, for all its handsome settings and generally attractive air, Paris in Spring can be listed as no more than a gentle bore.

VITAL STATISTICS: This one ran to about $400,000. Three major studios competed for title, Paramount winning the debate. Was formerly called Two on a Tower. . . . Mary Ellis lives quietly with an English maid in a hotel near the Paramount studios, husband Basil Sydney being busy in England. Gets her spiritual relaxation Sundays by renting a car, eating hamburgers at a roadside stand, visiting a lion farm, and eating popcorn on the way home. At seventeen she sang opposite Caruso at the Metropolitan in his last appearance here before his death. Tells that Caruso's voice was so powerful he could shatter glass with it. Sang for ten hours one day in making Paris in Spring, a real endurance record. That metallic dress she wears was so form-fitting it could be worn only once and had to be removed with a can opener. Likes the English theater gallery, which forces the actor to do his best, else he incurs its displeasure, and advises that if any actor thinks Pittsburgh tough (it is considered the hardest city in America to play) he or she ought to get a whack at Blackpool, England. The English audience never hesitates to express its displeasure, all being self-appointed critics. Mary is off to London now to hoot lovelily in Ivor Novello's Glamorous Nights. . . . Tullio Carminati ceased being an Italian count because his folkses were ashamed of his theatrical career. Because he didn't know how to leave a lady's bedroom via the window route, Tullio got himself severe leg gashes in one of the Paris in Spring gallicisms. Though the leading contender for the mantle of Valentino, Tullio admits he's a bit afraid of the weaker sex. Feels he hasn't the time, temperament, or inclination to devote himself to wholesale devotion. . . . Director Lewis Milestone—unlike De Mille, who utters Jovian thunderings to the mob, or von Sternberg, who minces a few caustic preliminary speeches—doesn't shout or bawl out his players. Lets his assistant directors do the talking for him. . . . Ida Lupino returned from abroad for this one. Appeared for picture wearing an engagement ring with three diamonds as big as teeth, but refused to tell who the lucky man was. Lost eighteen pounds in her four months abroad and put on ten again since her return here. . . . Twenty dancers were gold-plated for picture, gold costing seventeen dollars per dancer. Wearers couldn't sit down all day for fear of cracking, and the body was allowed to breathe under uncovered armpits. . . . Two years ago Jack Mulhall slept in a bed of Napoleon's and owned a splendid mansion around it. He played a doorman in this one. . . . The song-writing team of Gordon and Mack, who did the Paris Spring songs, weigh 500 lbs. Their royalties weigh as much.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.

★★★—No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart.

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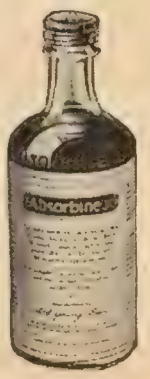

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Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Hotel Keyster,
Times Square,
New York.

DEAR GINGER,

I can tell I'm about as popular with you as a double order of typhoid. For the love of Michael, be reasonable. Honest to gawd, I didnt kidnap that red headed nurse an bring her from Boston to Noo Yawk. She follered me because she was interested in my muscles an my career. To hear you squark youd think me an Vivian were goin against the Lohengren. For crimp sake, be your years! She's just Miss McKay from the Y. W. C. A. an she don't mean any more to me than one of my handlers.

Holy Smoke Toots, if I had grabbed some footlight floosie from a revusical, or some torso tosser from a Knight club, they might be some reason for you to register the beef, but honest, I'm as innocent as a bell hop.

Yeah, an while youre unloadin the grief on me, what about *you* extravagantin around with that snapshot hero Rex Holmes? Wrex Homes is right! I'll bet every husband in Hollywood would like to typewrite their initials on his shirt front with a Daniel Boom. Honest, I can just picture the mug. I'll bet he's one of those milk fed lens louses that sports a muff on his top lip and features a symonised hair cut. Sweet essence of lavender, I laf. The trouble with you is, youre mug-nutty.

Listen Ginger, I've met those petuniers before. Rexie probably reclines his hips in bath salts and sets his waves with a curling iron. She would, the huzzy! I bet if you fired a cap pistol behind him he'd let out a squeam and jump right out of his girdle, the sweet thing. So thats the kind of a movie hero you picked for a playmate, eh? And you comin from a family of cops!

Well Ginger, as long as you get so het-up about me traipsin around with Vivian, I'll try an taper her off an give her the ozone just as soon as I can. But right now I cant cop a sneak because Vivians gone to a lot of trouble to toss me in the limelight. Frixample, she organized a flock of rooters to pack the ringside at the Homicide A. C. an yell their tonsils out for me the night of my fight.

Yeah, an believe me, the delegation she drew is a bunch

In Which Socko Produces a Perfect Alibi and Ginger Gives Him the Low-down on a Number of Things, Including the Filming of a Thriller

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN

"He drapes me over the business end of a big board that's slowly creeping into the buzz saw."

of big shots from Southampton. They happen to be members of a high hat outfit called the Plasterers Polo Team. Rub that off your nose! Not only that, but she's put the clamp on a big newspaper scribe by the name of Paul Weevil whos the head transome-peeper for *The Daily Rap.* Mr. Weevil says he's gonna blast my name all over the front pages an make me as famous as Braddock.

She's also lined up a troup of pleasure-lovin babes from the Y. W. C. and A. who caught the lockout for goin on a binge an kickin the Grand Rapids around. Besides this, she grabbed a bunch of dizzy crackpots from the flop house in Grinitch Village,—the two nurses from the Double Jointed Infirmary, the squeeze box maniac, the piano player an the ginney soprano I wrote you about.

Yeah, an heres the pay-off Ginger. She put the finger on a big bankeroo by the name of Colonel Benjamin Crankshaft whos not only a snooty director in the Garden but he's a bozem pal of Dempseys. He's richer than a fig puddin and what he says GOES! Vivian told me that Colonel Crankshaft had a very bad accident some time ago. He got his knee caught in a foldin couch an for a couple or six months he was parked in an Infirmary. Vivian bein his nurse was able to put the works in an get him steamed up about me as a fighter.

The result was, she talked him into comin to the bout an watchin me do my stuff. The Colonel promised that if I smacked Flat Iron for a row of radishes he'd grease the way for me to rate the *next go* at the Champ.

Well Toots, if I live to be as old as McThuselum I'll never forget the night of the fracas. To begin with, the Homicide A. C. was packed to the plaster with frenzied fans. Me feelin in the pink of condition, I barged out of my dressin room an started for the ring with my dizzy seconds heelin after me like we owned the joint.

As soon as I stepped through the ropes, I took a hasty gander around the ring and spotted Vivian. She no more than gunned me in my technicolor bath robe than she tipped the mit to the gang an right away they broke into a riot an began *cheerin* an *hollerin terrific.*

As I stood up to take a bow, I spied the Colonel sittin next to Vivian. Disregardin the fact that he sported a plaster cast on his universal joint, he waved his crutches at me like we were old buddies. My gawd Ginger, when I saw *him* I knew I was IN.

How the so ever, while I was awaitin the pleasures of my burly opponent, my nutty manager Dave Mulcahey poked his scull through the ropes an said:

"Listen Socko, this palooka is a washout. I'm just after hearin he hasnt had a bout in two years."

"Two years," I says. "Whats the ketch?"

"Well, it seems he croaked a couple of guys. Yeah, the last egg he mingled with in Reno was clouted so slug-nutty he folded the same night."

"Now aint that a sweet load of clams," I told him.

"Aw, what are you shiverin about?" he yells. "I could lick that stumblebum myself if I didnt have this lousy cold."

He no sooner got the words out of his trap than Flat Iron Finnegan barged into the ring. Glory be to Heaven, he sported a pair of mits that would have rocked the Eel de France if he washed them in the Hudson River. Well, the mob started tearin up the stools an cheerin gawd-awful. Right then an there I made up my mind that this palooka drew like a porus plaster. I didnt know what to do. Just when I was combin my hair for the eighteenth time I looked up an there was Flat Iron gunnin me across the ring with a sourcastic grin that was enough to floor me.

"At baby is duck soup," I heard him grunt to one of his handlers with a disgusted wave of his glove. "I'll just wade in an broadcast that mug all over the arenas networks."

Well Ginger, you can imagine my feelins. Here was I all set to make a big rep for myself in front of the Colonel when all of a sudden I discover that I'm boxed in with a lunatick whos planted three pugs already in the granite orchard.

Not only that, but who do you think the judges drew for a referee? None other than some mackerel with a *crockery eye!* Comb that out of your waves! Holy Smoke, if a *two eyed* goof cant gun the fun, what chanst has a referee got with a *glass glim,* I ask you?

Well, the gong had no sooner sounded than Flat Iron comes bustin out of his corner like he was goin to rub me out. I met this outburst of shivelry with a smack on his smeller that drove his head back an surprized the mob. Payin no attention to the hisses an razzin I was gettin, I bored right in an exchanged clouts with him until he uncorked a right hook that was en route for the stratospere. But somehow my smeller got buried in his glove an I did a wing-slip an landed smack on my Adams Apple an the taste of hard cider was terrific.

Anyway, while I was tryin to pry my antique snozzle

off the mat, the one-lamped referee was doin his best to count me out.

"*Seven*—get up, you punk!" he yelled. "*Eight*—snap into it, you bum—"

By some act of Providence, Rode Island, I managed to scram to my feeble feet at the mention of nine. As I got up, I broke into a Nermi, with the big baloney zoomin after me bent on ample bloodshed. As he drove me into a corner I side stepped a murderous wild swing an he clouted the ring post with such force he all but ruined his duke for the evenin. Just then the bell clanged an I shuffled to my corner with my immitation nose glowin like a Chinese lantern.

As I sat in my corner tryin to figure the quickest way to finish off this manslaughter specialist, Ebony, my dopey second says:

"Listen Socko, theys only one way to stop that banana an thats to hammer his lunch box. He'll blow up."

"Okay," I says. "I'll lay him in your lap."

A moment later the bell rang an the entertainment was on. Flat Iron rushes me with the full intention of spreadin me like a coat of paint. I feigned a left to his ear an sunk my right in his cake box, an to my great surprise, he folded like a tent. He no sooner hit the canvas than the fans started booin an hollerin terrible:

"Kill him off, Flat Iron, he's just a tramp," they yelled.

With these kind words, Flat Iron jumps to his feet an crashes me on the kisser with a sizzlin left that scattered my mail order tusks all over the mat. After that I ran amuck. Makin up my mind to murder him, I let go a terrific left from the floor that would have ended the bout if it had connected, but instead it landed on the referees beezer as he zoomed over the ropes an made a two point landin in *Colonel Crankshaft's lap.* Oh boy, what a sweet load of limburger!

The referee not only *busted* the Colonels *universal joint* in *another place,* but they sent him home on a stretcher. Durin the excitement the two judges climbed in the ring an started hammerin on the gong.

By this time the joint was in a uproar and so was I. Finally somebody tosses the one-lamped referee back in the ring, an in a burst of rage he hollers:

"Decision!"

When the mob quiets down he yells:

"The unanimous decision is *NO CONTEST!* Theyre just a couple of tramps!"

So you see Ginger, I *lose the fight,* the *purse,* my *fangs* and the *shot at the Champship,* and busted the Colonels hinge. What a delightful evenin!

Your ever lovin Dream Boy, SOCKO.

Christie Hotel,
Hollywood,
Califilmia.

Dear Socko,

Honestly, Socko, I don't know what I'm going to do with such a numbscull as you. Really, youre just a *dead battery.* Here I've been trying to smart you up so you'd click as a box-office wow, and what happens? You just lay an egg.

Listen, I know its a waste of words to write you, but while my stockings are drying, I'm going to tell you a few things that will curdle your custard. No fooling, youre just a great big gullable boob for every stray twist and chiseling-cutie that hurls you a smile. Not only that, but as the worlds coming champ, you couldnt win a decision fighting off a cold. But *I* should worry. As long as youre contented to frolic through life, I'll just brouse among the studio execs and make *myself famous.*

Listen silly, if you care to take your mind off that red headed double crossing muscle moll for a few minutes, I'll give you a load of my activities here in Hollywood.

It also might interest you to know that the quickie picture I've been working in turned out to be a *smash!* The story, entitled "The Passionate Pot Rassler," was turned in as an original by a gentleman by the name of Jules Verne. But somehow—after the sale had been made—the head man at the studio discovered that the *guy that wrote* the story happened to be a *dish bather* at the Brown Derby.

The head man at the studio seeing that he had purchased a load of grief, hired a guy by the name of Admiral Harbor to save the situation, he being the *funniest* gag man in the cinema city.

The Admiral was a yell. He got his title from clowning on a Mack Sennett battle ship up in the Sierras and won his yachting cap from Charlie Chaplins dressing room. As soon as he climbed on our studio payroll he became the master mind of the production.

The scenario called for a chateau in southern Italy, but as our gorgeous prop department had nothing but a bedroom set, Admiral Harbor suggested that we plant the plot in a sawmill. So what did he do Socko but find a swell location in a swamp near Malibu Beach. The location sported a collapsable shanty surrounded by some abandoned prop trees that had been used by Hal Roach in a Laurel & Hardy opera. All of which he rented for a buck-eighty the day.

So, with the aid of our one-armed scenic department, the Admiral slapped up an acre of plaster board and transformed the joint into an Oregon sawmill. To make the background look the McCoy, they shoveled a ditch through the marshes, let in a few quarts of the Pacific and draped the "river" with breakaway logs.

After they set the cameras up, the action went like this,—

I was supposed to be the *daughter* of the sawmill owner, a dopey old lumberjack who was supposed to have a *secret formula* for making oat meal out of saw dust. It seems that there was a bandit lurking in the neighborhood who had been trying for months to buy the formula from my father, but the old buzzard wouldnt give it up.

Now then, here comes the big scene. I'm discovered in a sunbonnet and a ten cent dress strolling along the river bank. While I'm bending down to pick a few daisies, the villain rushes out from behind a cardboard rock, grabs me by the neck and says, "If you dont give up your old mans formula for making that trick breakfast food, I'll lump your noggin."

Right away I scream, "Nuts to you, stranger!"

With that the heavy hits me on the coco with a paper log and I fold for the count. Then he grabs me in his arms, rushes me into the sawmill and drapes me over the business end of a big board thats *slowly creeping into the buzz saw.* A thriller, what?

While the villain is rifling the papers in the tin safe, I let out a terrific squark, and who breaks down the door and rushes to save me but *my lover Rex Holmes.* But the way it happened, Rexie was a little late in starting. By the time he reached me the big rubber blade on the buzz saw was playing the carioca all over my side and slapping me in the pan. What a party!

Just as my sweetheart grabs me off the plank and is about to take me in his arms, he is surprised by the heavy sneaking up behind him all set to part his hair with a prop ax. But Rexie discovers him in the nick of time, heaves him through the window, and he fetches up with his head stuck in the swamp. After that my hero *folds me in his arms* and we go into a very passionate interlude lasting until the film runs out.

And Socko, I want to tell you, when this man Rex Holmes *manufactures love,* I forget what you look like. He's promised to make a film star out of me and he certainly brings out my emotions like nobodys nonsense. He says if I will take a ride in his Hispano-Speedster he'll teach me his technique.

And brother, are the rest of the fems in the troup burning up the way he's rushing me? Yowzuh! Just to give you some idea of how meow they are, one of his old patooties ankled over to me after the squeeze scene and said,

"*Youre* not such a hot number, Dearie. I've got *three companies after me.*"

So I said to her Socko, I said,

"Oh yeah? I can imagine. The *GAS* company, the *LIGHT* company and the *TELEPHONE* company."

So long kid. See you in the silly symphony.

GINGER.

More intimate letters in this intriguing long-distance courtship will be published shortly.

WHY DID I DIE IN THE CHAIR

An Amazing Human Document—A Condemned Murderer "Indicts" the Living World He Has Left

by ABRAHAM FABER

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

I AM no more. When you read this, I shall be dead. As dead as any of those men in whose murders I participated. As I write this in my cell I feel that I am living death. Within a few hours they will strap me in the electric chair and ask me for a final prayer—and then the great adventure.

My resentment toward society, born of society's indifference and mishandling of me, hastened my death—and other deaths than mine. It might have cost a lot more. If death in this manner was designed for me by society as a method by which society could relieve itself of its responsibility to me as an individual, it was a wasteful way.

Still, I didn't care much about life and I care as little about death. Both were forced on me.

I was Abraham Faber. Why was I what I was? Why did I participate in cold-blooded murders behind a machine gun? Why did I put to an unsocial use all the education I had acquired in public schools and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, all I had learned as a Reserve Officers' Training Corps student and reserve officer, all my natural inventive talent?

Was I a killer for greed, lust, thrill? Not at first. If, after once turning wrong, I dreamed of an empire of crime, it was only the expression of an education and ambitions turned the wrong way. And I did dream vaguely of such an empire, and I might have founded one. It is society's good luck I did not. Some day some one like me may. I say this only as warning.

In 1933 and 1934 New England was terrorized by a series of killings and banditries. Ernest W. Clark, a sporting-goods store manager in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, was slain in an attempted raid on his store for guns. I confess to participating in this with Murton and Irving Millen. The Paramount theater, in Lynn, Massachusetts, was robbed of $200 and C. Fred Sumner, a billposter, was murdered. I confess to participating in this with the Millen brothers.

Then followed the holdup of the Needham (Massachusetts) Trust Company in which two patrolmen, Forbes McCloud and Frank Haddock, were murdered. Fireman Timothy Coughlin was severely wounded and a bank employee shot through the hand. The bank was looted of $15,300.

With the Millens I was arrested, tried, and found guilty of this. I admit my participation. Death sentence was passed on the three of us.

These robberies and murders were to have been only a beginning. The Millens had larger plans. They had talked of robbing the Sub-Treasury at Washington. Why not? We had the weapons; I had the technical knowledge; they were indifferent to human life. I was their main tool, to be used at their will. I had a peculiar sense of false chivalry where Murt Millen was concerned. It was a dominant, driving force. Empires have been founded on little more than what we shared among us.

Fantastic and deadly dreams! All gone now. At twenty-five I await the throne of my "empire"—the electric chair in Boston's old Charlestown prison. Murt and Irving, too. Our crown will be the crown of fools—the death cap. Everything

On Friday, June 7, a few minutes after midnight, Abraham Faber and the brothers Murton and Irving Millen were electrocuted in the Massachusetts State Prison.

Faber was twenty-five. He had been an honor man at the greatest of American technological schools, had even taken a postgraduate course there. Since then he had not been continuously employed, but he had nevertheless, in the teeth of the depression, done such valuable original technical work as assures a young American of a future. He was engaged to the "lovely girl, educated, cultured," to whom he pays a tribute in this statement.

So he had training, love, and every solid reason to expect a successful career. He even had what most people would account good looks. And yet he turned to robbery with murder—and he died in the chair.

As the midnight hour came near when he must walk from his cell into the death chamber and sit down for the last time, he began to wonder: "What on earth am I doing here? My God, I don't belong here! What's happened?"

Wondering, he struggled mentally to a conclusion. He wrote it down for Liberty, and here it is. It amounts to what a lawyer would call a plea in avoidance, or a layman, in the slang sense, an alibi. He confesses his crimes, but it is society, not himself, that is to blame for them and for his present dreadful plight. Are you convinced by this plea of his? Do you agree with him?

lost. Life, youth, love, hope. Why? Why, above all, for me—the student, the inventor, the model of commonplace virtue?

For a year after these crimes I sat in my cell, wondering why. I learned when it was too late. A death cell teaches, as well as college.

But why should I have had to gain this knowledge at such frightful cost and such a waste of innocent lives? Why didn't society study *me?* Isn't society wiser and older than I? From the shadows of death I indict you, society of my fellow men, for the failure that was me.

We all know the defendant, society. Now for the complainant—myself. Ordinary-looking enough, medium height, underweight, skinny, hair brown and curly, gray eyes with small pupils, a sallow complexion, a Clark Gable mustache. Any of my profs at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where I took my science degree and a postgraduate course, would have told you I was a promising young fellow.

Men liked my mind and women my looks. And because I was quiet and easygoing, people assumed I approved of myself and them. No one really tried to find out anything about me—the actual me. For that, society, I indict you first of all.

Too late, now, society concedes that my criminal tendencies were fated, even before I was born. The influences that molded me into a peril to myself and mankind were at work from my earliest youth, perceptible to any wise and experienced eye, if hidden from me.

My early childhood was free from association with wrongdoing. My home life was peaceful. I had a timid orthodox mother, God-fearing, who counseled me the best she could. She brought me up as a conscientious devoted mother would bring up her first-born and only child, as in the days of old, when people looked to the eldest to take the place of the father.

She made me realize from my earliest recollection that I was meant for responsibilities and must prepare to shoulder them. Almost to martyrdom. She was kind and patient and is devoted even in these last moments.

My father was honest, hard-working, a struggling artisan at his trade as a tailor. His job, his energy, his entire ambition was to give me that which he had not had, the opportunity in life to make something of myself, something outstanding, and to carry on his name with significance and value. His sacrifices for me were many.

He came home nights tired and heavy-hearted. I was to grow up to take his cares—this was my daily lesson: shoulder the struggle he found so hard. He was struggling so that I could be better fitted. I wondered then whether all this struggling and shoving was worth while.

I don't blame my parents. They were victims of society as I was. Like thousands of other American parents, they insisted that I become a genius by studying. I was crowded into an intellectuality which events have shown was beyond my control.

They merely followed the model set by society. I was to conform to it. And I did. I was what they call a model boy. I didn't drink, swear, smoke, or seek girls. I studied hard. I followed all the rules for success. I got a first-class education on little money. I lived on twenty-five cents a day during the five years I was at Tech. If in the meantime I did not learn to love my parents, who was at fault?

I was under terrific pressure, and so were they. We were all trying to keep step with a pace that was too fast and intense for us. We were full of misunderstanding. We grated on each other. The more we tried to be what society wanted us to be, the more we grated. How could family love flourish in such an atmosphere? Indictment No. 1 for society, I think.

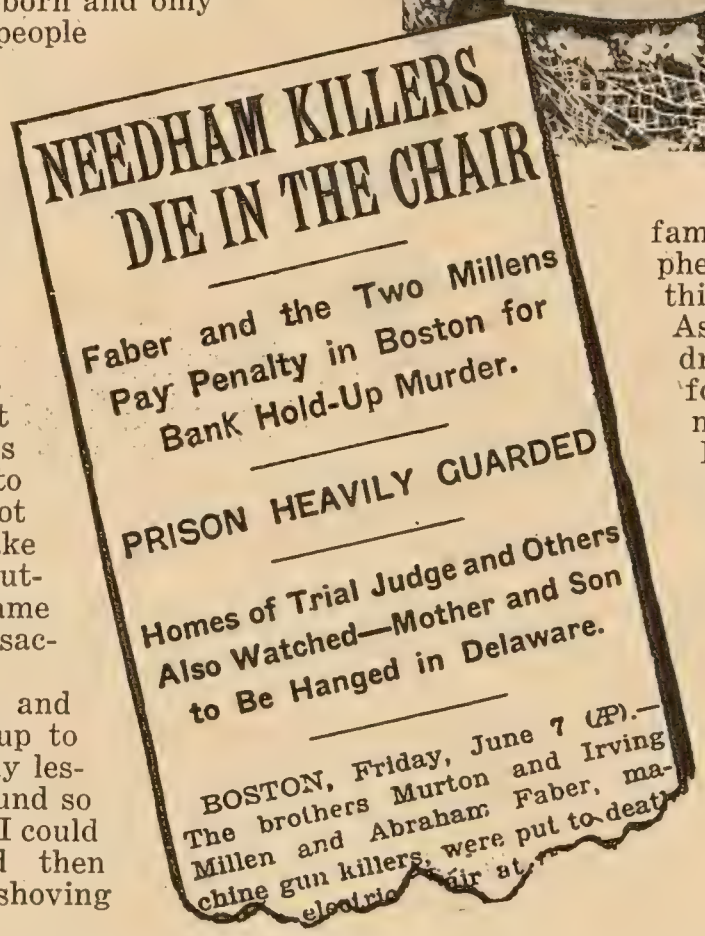
As I grew older I still avoided all the drains of dissipation. I was too frail for college sports and they took too much time, anyhow. The only thing I enjoyed was pistol shooting on the Reserve Officers' range. I was a good pistol shot because I could concentrate. When I graduated as a bachelor of science in aeronautics, I got a job in New Haven, Connecticut. It only paid $20 a week, but it was aeronautical work and I liked it. In two and a half months twenty men were let out, and I was one of them. Finally I got a place teaching aeronautics at $12 a week. It lasted a year, and then the school laid off some teachers. I was one of them.

Indictment No. 2 for society! While still at school I had become strongly attracted by a pretty girl, Rose Knellar. A pretty girl and a good girl—I would not have cared for any other kind. A lovely girl, educated, cultured. I won't lie. I won't claim that ours was a deeply emotional affair. But we had a deep, hidden companionship. It was love to us. It might have developed into a great love with marriage. But how were we to marry—without money—without a job?

Poor Rose. Another victim. How surprised she was when, after my arrest, she opened a package I had given her, with instructions to open it after our wedding, and found it contained $4,000 in new bills from the Needham bank! She turned it over to police at once, like the honest God-fearing girl she was. It helped convict me, but she never foresaw that. I wonder if society can stand its share of that indictment—the blame for the marriage that never was—the marriage that might have made a

The three who died in the chair—Murt Millen, his brother Irving, and (right) Abraham Faber, who wrote this article.

Norma Brighton Millen, wife of Murt, daughter of a minister. Convicted as an accessory after the fact, this girl has served several months in jail. Faber's betrothed, Miss Rose Knellar, is pictured on the opposite page.


NEEDHAM KILLERS DIE IN THE CHAIR

Faber and the Two Millens Pay Penalty in Boston for Bank Hold-Up Murder.

PRISON HEAVILY GUARDED

Homes of Trial Judge and Others Also Watched—Mother and Son to Be Hanged in Delaware.

BOSTON, Friday, June 7 (AP).—The brothers Murton and Irving Millen and Abraham Faber, machine gun killers, were put to death in the electric chair at

useful citizen instead of a criminal. Indictment No. 3!

After losing my first job, I renewed an old friendship with Murt Millen. He lived in my neighborhood, an old part of old Boston, gray and grimy and crowded. His family had a house, mine lived on the top floor at the back of a three-story wooden tenement.

Murt took it for granted at the start that the cards were stacked against him. He quit school early, and while I was grinding away at M. I. T. he was having a good time. He thought I was a sap for studying. When I couldn't get a job, it looked as if he were right.

He gave me more pleasure than any friend I ever had. He had a sense of humor, a laugh for everything, and a good brain, although not trained as mine. He could accomplish many things which were hard for me to master with all my learning. He was a good all-round athlete.

He had no more idea of accepting the responsibilities of a so-called dutiful upright citizen than he had of becoming President. If he wanted to marry a girl, as he did Norma Brighton, the minister's innocent daughter, he did it. I put marriage off. If he wanted to drink, he did —and laughed even more. I refused to drink, seriously considering the harmful effects.

I WAS the product of an era which will be judged for its stupidity in dealing with social problems such as I. I saw about me admiration for doers of startling things, people who attained material success or material fame. To be a poor hard-working honest tailor like my father was shameful. To be a rich leisurely sophisticated man was honorable. And how you got the riches wasn't so important.

I indict you for that, society—Indictment No. 4. You held up the wrong model to me, and to Murt, and to feeble weak-witted Irving, his younger brother.

Law enforcement was ridiculed. It was sport to beat a cop. And beautiful women worked shoulder to shoulder in the criminal world with their criminal mates. Gun-girls were heroines, gunmen big shots, and both got their pictures in the paper and sometimes in the movies. And their daring was emphasized as something the weaker of us envied. Smart criminals were untouchables, and measuring myself with the smart ones there came to me a realization that I was smarter. I, the engineer, the scholar, an expert on electrical welding, an expert on aeronautical structure, Diesel engines, and firearms.

In my state of mind the transition came easily. I was proud to join my technical skill to the will of Murton Millen. My faith in him was such that I believed he could accomplish anything. I gave him complete loyalty.

I entered my crime career with no sense of wrong-doing. None whatever. I indict you for that, society. You made me a machine, with a brain in place of a soul. And thereby you imperiled yourself—for you made me an enemy. For your stupidity, society, I despised you. For your neglect, I hated you. You gave me an education, but it only taught me that people make their own ideas of right and wrong.

I reasoned that I had studied hard. I had followed all the rules for success. I had got a first-class education on little money. But society didn't have any use for all that. Society couldn't even fix me up with a living, such as it had taught me to expect.

That is, legal society couldn't. Lawless society did—lawless society in the person of Murton Millen!

And now I turn to another indictment—perhaps the strongest of all. For years I had a pronounced twitch in my right shoulder. That twitch helped police to identify and convict me. It was part of a painful nervousness. It could have been diagnosed and cured, I know now. But no one bothered about it. Overstudy increased it. I seldom slept well. I was always restless, always tense with a craving for some extraordinary accomplishment beyond my physical or mental powers.

Too late I learned the meaning of that twitch. It was expounded in the courtroom at Dedham, Massachusetts, by psychiatrists who had inquired into my family history and bothered me with endless foolish questions. I was the victim of an inherited disease. Since, as the laboratory test showed, I had this affliction, and it could have had a bearing on my conduct, why did society not find it out before? For fifteen years society had me under its care in school and in college. It taught me to handle the deadliest forces of destruction. It made me a reserve army lieutenant, it gave me a science degree. But it never bothered to inquire into the real Abraham Faber deeply enough to find out that he was a sufferer from hereditary disease.

What an indictment there is here! Can you defend yourself against it, society? Are there not thousands like me in our public schools today to whom you are equally indifferent?

Yes, there are. And you are building prisons and electric chairs for them now, instead of turning them over to the kindly curative powers of science.

Yet they are not hopeless, any more than I was. I will cite one instance—just one—of the man I might have been. Two innocent men were on their way to the electric chair for the Lynn theater holdup and killing. They were Clement Molway and Louis Berrett, Boston taxi drivers, who had been *positively identified by seven witnesses*—people who undoubtedly believed their identifications—as the slayers of Summer. The injustice of this haunted me, and it was the thought of these men that really led to my confession.

As I live my death in this cell my hair is dry and comes out by the handful, my skin is damp with mold, and the flesh on my body numb and clammy. I am physically ill from confinement. My skin is withered and my bones ache. I am torn with the contemplation of the things I have done and the thing that I was. These real punishments and my death are remote to society. I cannot believe they will serve to prevent crime. I have learned here that imprisonment fails in that purpose. A man who is repentant for his crime repents in prison for about six months. After that he starts to forget the past.

Society taught me how to work, but not how to play; how to strive, but not how to co-operate; how to hate, but not how to love.

And now society has killed me. Well, I didn't ask to be born, I didn't ask to die. Life owed me something which passed me by.

THE END

The CASE of the Caretaker's Cat

"Wait a minute, Paul. Don't call headquarters

by ERLE

PART FIVE—BLOODSTAINED EVIDENCE

PAUL DRAKE opened the door of his dilapidated nondescript car. Mason climbed in. Drake wormed under the steering wheel, and started the motor.

"The police going to be interested in this chap?" Drake inquired.

"That's a chance we've got to take."

"Under those circumstances," the detective announced, "we park the car a block or two away and walk the rest of the distance."

Mason nodded moodily. "And pray we're not interrupted while searching the room."

NEW THRILLS AS THE TRAIL

right away. It may be this man's innocent," said Perry Mason. "Innocent!" the Rev. Mr. Milton blazed.

STANLEY GARDNER

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

"We going to break in?" Drake inquired with a sidelong glance.

"We'll try not to break anything," Mason replied.

"Meaning, I take it, that you want me to bring along a housebreaking kit."

"Something of the sort, yes."

"I've got one in the car, but where will we be if the police catch us?"

Mason said, "It's Douglas Keene's place, and he's a client of mine although he may not know it. I'm going to enter his rooms for the purpose of protecting his interests. Burglary, you understand, lies in the unlawful entering of a place with a felonious purpose."

"These fine distinctions are too much for me," Drake admitted.

Paul Drake's car was decidedly inconspicuous in color, model, and design. Mason sighed resignedly as it jolted into motion. "Keene figure as a suspect on anything?" Drake asked.

"That's why we're going out there—we want to beat every one to it."

"You mean that he will enter into the picture later on?"

Mason failed to answer the question, and Drake said,

GROWS TANGLED IN PERRY MASON'S MOST BAFFLING ADVENTURE

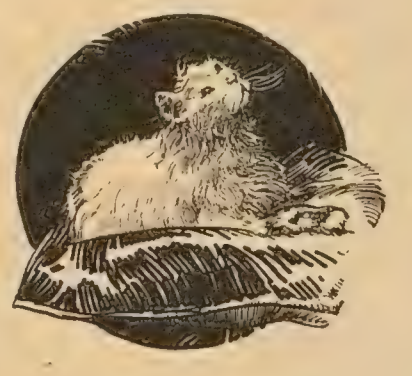
with a grin, " I take it that means that what I don't know won't hurt me," and devoted himself to driving the car.

After some fifteen minutes he slid the car in close to the deserted curb, looked up and down the street, switched off the lights, and locked the car. " Two blocks to walk," he observed. " That's close enough to leave the machine on this sort of a job."

" With a real burglary, I take it, you'd have left it a mile away," Mason said.

Drake nodded his head emphatically. " And then stayed parked behind the steering wheel," he agreed.

The men walked briskly side by side, saying nothing, but their eyes were restless as they kept a watch for prowl cars of radio officers. They turned the corner, walked three quarters of a block, and Drake nudged the attorney's elbow. " This is the place."



" The outer door should be easy," Mason said casually.

" Nothing to it," Drake agreed optimistically. " They're made to open with a passkey. Almost anything will work them. Any one coming? "

" No one in sight."

" Okay, hold your coat so it conceals the beam of this flashlight."

Drake played the beam of a small flashlight on the door, and then produced keys from his pocket.

A moment later the lock clicked back, and the men entered the apartment house.

" What floor? " Drake asked.

" The third."

" What's the apartment? "

" 308."

They walked up the stairs with silent feet. On the third corridor Drake cast professional eyes over the locks on the doors.

" Spring locks," he observed.

He found 308, paused before it, and whispered, " How about a knock? "

Mason shook his head.

There was a fine crack between the door and the jamb. The detective, taking a cowhide tool kit from his pocket, extracted an instrument which looked very much like the long thin spatula knife used by artists and druggists. " Hold the flashlight, Perry."

Mason held the flashlight. Drake was inserting the steel, when Mason suddenly gripped his wrist. " What's that? " the lawyer asked in a whisper.

Drake looked at the peculiar markings on the woodwork under the tip of Mason's pointing finger. " Some one's beat us to it," he said. " They may be in there now."

Both men stared at the place where the wood had been slightly crushed under the pressure of a steel instrument.

" Let's go on in," Mason told him.

Drake said, " You're the doctor," and inserted the blade. He manipulated it for a moment. The lock clicked back.

" Turn the knob and open the door, Perry," the detective said, still holding the latch back.

Perry Mason turned the knob, and they entered the room.

" Lights? " Drake inquired.

Mason nodded and clicked on the electric lights.

" A good place not to leave any fingerprints, Paul," he suggested.

Drake looked at him with an expression which intensified the droll humor of his features. " Are *you*," he asked, " telling *me?* "

" Bed hasn't been slept in," said Mason.

" It's turned down," Drake pointed out, " and the pillow is mussed up."

" Just the same, it hasn't been slept in. There's nothing that's harder to simulate than the type of wrinkle which is produced in a sheet from long contact with a body."

Drake inspected the bed and nodded.

The apartment was a typical bachelor's apartment. Cigarette trays were littered with stubs of cigarettes. There was a whisky bottle, a dirty glass, a couple of soiled collars, and a tie clasp on the bureau. Half a dozen neckties were hooked over the mirror support. A closet door was half open, showing several suits hanging from a rod. Drawers in a dresser were partly open.

Mason opened the drawers and stared thoughtfully at them.

" Suitcase," he said, " packed in a hurry." He scooped out handkerchiefs, socks, shirts, and underwear. " Let's take a look in the bathroom, Paul."

Mason opened the bathroom door, then suddenly recoiled.

Some one, working with the frenzy of panic, had evidently tried to remove traces of blood from clothing in the bathroom, and the job had not been thoroughly done. The washbowl was spattered with red. Water had been turned in the bathtub and had not been drained. It was colored a peculiar reddish brown. A pair of trousers had been washed and hung up to dry over the metal rod which supported the shower curtain. A pair of shoes had been washed, evidently with soap and water, and the washing had been insufficient. Stains still remained in the leather.

" We'll take a look in the closet," Mason said.

They walked back to the closet. Drake's flashlight illuminated the dark corners, showed a pile of dirty clothes. Drake pulled clothes from the top of the pile and then paused. The beam of the flashlight illuminated blood-spattered garments.

" Well," he said, " that's that."

Mason kicked the clothes back in the corner.

" Okay, Paul, we're finished here."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

QUEER facts come to light when Perry Mason, lawyer-sleuth, promises to protect Caretaker Ashton's cat from poison at the hands of Sam Laxter. Only recently Grandfather Laxter was burned to death in his country house. Just prior to the tragedy he had changed his will in favor of Sam Laxter and Frank Oafley, his grandsons, and cut off his favorite, Winifred Laxter. Also, the grandfather had converted a million dollars' worth of securities into cash —which had vanished.

With a cat for a " client " Mason, together with Detective Paul Drake, finds Winifred running a little waffle shop on her own. And hears that Nathaniel Smith, shyster lawyer, who represents Sam and Frank, has induced her to sign a paper declaring her grandfather of sound mind when he changed his will. Her sweetheart, Douglas Keene, throws sinister suspicion on the old man's nurse, Edith DeVoe, and mentions some mysterious " Koltsdorf diamonds " in connection with the case.

On the trail, Mason and Drake learn that Caretaker Ashton is drawing on a cash-stuffed deposit box. More startling still, Edith DeVoe confesses to them that on the night of the fiery death of old Laxter she saw his grandson, Sam, pumping carbon monoxide from his idling car into the furnace pipe of the house! Thereupon, Mason gets District Attorney Burger on the job. They exhume old Laxter's body.

From the cemetery they go to the Laxter home and find Frank Oafley digging for buried money under a rose vine, and Caretaker Ashton strangled in his bed, muddy cat-foot prints all around him. While in the midst of this fresh complication, Winifred phones Mason in terrible distress.

At the waffle shop she tells him that Douglas Keene, after delivering the cat to her, at her request, has disappeared with word that he got mixed up in some fatal jam. Realizing its significance in Ashton's murder, Mason takes the cat from her, leaves it with his secretary, Della Street, and hastens on to Edith DeVoe's, only to find the nurse has been killed, a bloodstained stick on the floor beside her. Summoning Drake, Mason heads for the home of Douglas Keene.

They left the apartment, switching out the lights and pulling the spring lock shut behind them.

"Let's hunt up that preacher," Mason suggested.

"He won't come to the door," Drake objected, "and let us in just to answer questions—not at this hour of the morning. He'll be more than likely to call the police."

"We'll use Della," Mason said, "and let him think it's an elopement."

He had Drake drive to a restaurant where there was a telephone, and called Della Street's apartment. He heard her sleepy voice coming over the wire.

"Getting to be a habit with me, waking you up like this," he said. "How would you like to elope?"

There was a quick, gasping intake of her breath.

"I mean," Mason explained, "make a person *think* you're eloping."

"Oh," she said tonelessly. "Like that, eh?"

"That's the sketch," Mason told her. "Get on some things and we'll be out there. It'll be a new experience for you."

Paul Drake was yawning prodigiously as Mason hung up the telephone.

"The first night is always the hardest," he said. "After that I get accustomed to going without sleep—on your cases. Some day, Perry, we're going to get caught and go to jail. Why the hell don't you sit in your office and let cases come to you the way other lawyers do?"

"For the same reason a hound doesn't like to follow a cold scent," Mason said. "I like my cases served up while they're hot."

"I'll say they're hot!" the detective agreed. "Some day we'll both get our fingers burned." . . .

Perry Mason pushed his finger against the doorbell. Della Street nudged Paul Drake and said, "Say something and laugh. We're all too serious for an elopement. You'd look more natural with a shotgun."

Drake remarked lugubriously, "Why should people laugh at a marriage? Marriage is a serious business."

Della Street moaned. "I should have known better than to stage an elopement with a couple of confirmed bachelors. You're so darned afraid some fish might steal the bait, you don't dare to let your line get near the water."

Perry Mason stepped close to Della Street, put his arm around her, and drew her to him.

"The trouble with us is, we haven't even got a line," he said.

A light in a hallway clicked on. Della Street kicked Paul Drake in the shin with the heel of her shoe and said, "Hurry up and laugh."

She broke into a peal of light, merry laughter, as a porch light flooded the trio with dazzling brilliance.

The detective gave a grimace of pain, rubbed his shin, and said mirthlessly, "Ha, ha."

The door opened some two or three inches. A safety chain snapped taut. A man's eyes stared out at them cautiously.

"Rev. Milton?" asked Perry Mason.

"Yes."

"We wanted to see you—about—a marriage."

THE man's eyes showed extreme disapproval. "It's no time to consummate a marriage," he said.

Mason took a wallet from his pocket, took out a five dollar bill, then another five dollar bill, then a third, and a fourth. "I'm sorry," he remarked, "we awakened you."

After a moment Milton slipped off the safety chain, opened the door, and said, "Come in. Have you a license?"

Mason stood to one side while Della Street entered the hallway; then he and Drake crowded in. Drake kicked the door shut. Mason moved so he was between the inner door to the hallway and the man, who wore dressing gown, pajamas, and slippers.

"You received a call tonight from a chap by the name of Oafley," Mason said.

"What has that to do with this marriage?" Milton demanded.

"That's the marriage we came to see you about."

"I'm sorry. You got in here under false representa-

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tions. You said you wished to be married. I don't care to answer any questions whatever about Mr. Oafley."

Perry Mason arched his eyebrows in surprise, then frowned, and said belligerently, "Look here, what are you talking about—getting in here by false representations?"

"You said you wanted to be married."

"I said no such thing," Mason retorted. "We told you that we wanted to see you about *a* marriage. It was Oafley's marriage to Edith DeVoe."

"You didn't say that."

"Well, we're saying it now."

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but I have nothing to say."

Mason looked significantly at Paul Drake, nodded his head toward a wall telephone which was near the hall door, and said, "Okay, Paul, call police headquarters."

Drake strode to the telephone. Milton made a grimace, wet his lips with the tip of his tongue, and said in surprise, "Police headquarters?"

"Certainly," Mason said.

"Who are you?" Milton demanded.

"That man," the lawyer remarked, indicating Drake by a nod of his head, "is a detective."

"Look here," Milton said nervously, "I don't want to get into any trouble over this thing."

"I didn't think you did. Wait a minute, Paul—don't call headquarters right away. It may be this man's innocent."

"Innocent!" Milton blazed. "Of course I'm innocent. I performed a marriage ceremony, and that's all."

Mason's face showed utter incredulity. "And didn't know the woman had a husband living?" he asked.

"Of course I didn't know the woman had a husband living. What are you insinuating? Do you mean to intimate that I'd perform a bigamous marriage knowing that it was bigamous?"

Milton's voice rose in quavering indignation.

Della Street stepped forward, slipping her arm through his, and said soothingly, "It's all right. Don't lose your temper. That isn't what the chief meant."

"The chief?" Milton remarked, his eyes bulging.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Della Street remarked. "I shouldn't have said that."

"Just who are you and what do you want?" Milton asked.

"I'll answer your second question first. We want to know exactly what time you performed a marriage ceremony between Edith DeVoe and Frank Oafley."

MILTON was now only too willing to talk.

"The parties were very anxious to keep the ceremony secret, but I didn't suspect it was a bigamous marriage. I received a call at approximately nine o'clock, asking me to come to a certain address. The party who called me on the telephone stated that it was a matter of the greatest importance, but didn't say what it was. He did say, however, that I would be very well compensated. I went to the address. I found Mr. Oafley, whom I had met previously, and a young woman who was introduced as Miss Edith DeVoe. They had a marriage license, and as a minister of the gospel I solemnized a marriage."

"Were there witnesses?"

"There were some men next door who were engaged in a little—er—gathering. I think perhaps they were playing cards. Mr. Oafley stepped to the door and asked them to witness the marriage ceremony."

"What time was the ceremony performed?"

"Approximately ten o'clock."

"When did you leave there?"

"Twenty minutes later. There was quite a bit of good-natured chaffing. The men were very nice, very cordial, very—well, er, convivial. There was a little party—of course, I didn't touch anything myself, and I can't say that I approved of the spirit of the occasion, but nevertheless they were very interesting people, and it was impossible to leave immediately."

"You mean they drank a toast to the health of the bride and groom?"

"To the health of the bride, to the health of the groom, to my health."

"Do you know exactly what time you left?"

"No, it was around eleven fifteen, perhaps a few minutes later than that."

"Were you well paid?" Perry Mason asked.

"Very well paid; very well paid, indeed."

Mason said slowly, "How long have you known Frank Oafley, may I inquire?"

"He has been in my church on several occasions."

"A regular member?"

"No. Not a regular member. I wouldn't class him as such, but he has been there, and I have met him."

"He introduced you to the young woman?"

"Yes. And the apartment was in her name, 'Edith DeVoe.'"

"DID they tell you why they were anxious to have the marriage kept secret?"

"No, they didn't. I understood there was some question of opposition on the part of relatives. I think the young woman was a nurse and Mr. Oafley is, I believe, of rather a wealthy family. However, I paid but little attention to that. I performed the marriage ceremony and—"

"Kissed the bride, I presume," Mason interrupted with a laugh.

The Rev. Mr. Milton failed to see any ground for humor in the remark. He said very seriously, "As a matter of fact, I did not. The bride kissed me as I was leaving."

Mason nodded to Paul Drake, reached for the knob of the outer door.

"That's all," he said.

"Was the marriage bigamous?"

"In view of what you tell me," Mason said, "I don't think it was. But I was checking up on it."

The trio slipped hastily through the door into the night, leaving Milton blinking after them in bewildered appraisal. Then he slammed the door shut, and they heard the clink of the safety chain as it was slid into position, and the rasp of the bolt.

"I'm a lawyer," Mason remarked, "and darn seldom even bother to lock my door. This chap is supposed to have all sorts of faith in human nature, and he barricades himself behind a lot of thiefproof doodads."

"I know," Della Street said with a nervous giggle, "but brides don't have to follow *you* to the door to kiss you."

Mason chuckled.

"What's next?" Paul Drake asked.

"If we can survive the ordeal of another journey in that car of yours, we're going to see Winnie."

"You know where to find her at this hour of the night?" Drake asked.

"Yes. She lives back of the waffle place."

"We don't want to make a racket there. There'll be a merchants' patrol and—"

"We'll telephone her and tell her we're coming," Mason said. "That is, I'll tell her I'm coming. I'll introduce you two after we get there."

"Has it ever occurred to you," Drake asked slowly, "that this marriage ceremony was taking place at just about the time Ashton was being murdered in his room, thereby giving both Oafley and Edith DeVoe ironclad alibis?"

"A lot has occurred to me," Mason said, "that I'm not discussing right now. Let's go."

They piled into Drake's car. Mason stopped the car once to telephone Winifred he was coming, and then, when Drake had parked the car in front of the Waffle

Kitchen, motioned them to silence as he placed them in the shadows near the doorway, while he stood in front of the plate-glass door and pounded with his knuckles.

A moment later he saw a bit of diffused light come from the door at the end of the passageway, and then Winifred's supple figure, attired in a flowing silk negligee, glided toward him. She shot the bolt and opened the door.

"What is it?" she asked.

Mason said, "You know Paul Drake. He was with me the first time I came here, and this is Della Street, my secretary."

Winifred gave a little exclamation of dismay. "I didn't know I was to meet people," she said, "and I don't want any one to know about—"

"That's all right," Mason told her. "No one knows anything at all. We want to talk with you."

He pushed the door open, then, when his companions had entered, carefully closed it. Winifred led the way down the corridor to the bedroom.

"Where's Douglas Keene?" Mason asked.

She frowned and said, "I told you all that I knew about him."

"I don't want you to think I'm betraying any confidences," Mason told her, "but it's necessary that these people know what's happening, because they've got to help us. Paul Drake is a detective who does work for me, and Della Street is my secretary, who knows everything that goes on. You can absolutely trust their discretion. Now I want to know where Douglas Keene is."

She blinked her eyes rapidly as though about to cry, but faced them steadily, saying: "I don't know where he is; all I know is, he sent me a message saying that he was going to leave, where no one would ever find him."

"Let's take a look at the message."

She pulled back the pillow and produced an envelope on the outside of which her name had been written. She opened the unsealed envelope and took from it a folded piece of paper. After a moment's hesitation she handed the paper to Perry Mason.

Mason, standing near the center of the room, his feet spread wide apart, shoulders squared, read the message with expressionless features. When he had finished he said:

"I'm going to read this aloud," and then read in a monotone:

"'Darling: I am up against a combination of circumstances I can't beat. I lost my head and made a mistake, and I'll never have any opportunity to rectify that mistake. Please believe me that I'm innocent of any crime, but you'll need lots of faith to hold that belief, in the face of the evidence which will be presented. I am leaving your life forever. The police will never catch me. I am far too clever to walk into the traps which catch the ordinary fugitive from justice. I'll travel by plane, and no one will ever find me. Ashton had the Koltsdorf diamonds concealed in his crutch. He had hollowed out a hiding place for them. The diamonds are still there. Give the police an anonymous tip and let them trace the crutch. I shall always love you, but I am not going to drag your name through the mire of a murder trial. Try and make Ashton talk. He can tell a lot. Lovingly yours —Douglas.'"

MASON stared steadily at the letter for a while, then suddenly whirled to face Winifred Laxter.

"You didn't show me that note when I was here before," he said.

"No, I didn't have it."

"When did you get it?"

"It was slipped under the door."

"After I left?"

"Yes, I guess so. It must have been if you didn't see it there when you went out."

"You said Douglas had telephoned you."

"Yes."

"He didn't tell you this about the diamonds over the telephone?"

"No."

"How did he know where the diamonds were?"

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"I don't know; all that I know is what is in the note."

"You love him?"

"We were going to be married."

"You didn't call him Douglas."

"What do you mean?"

"You had some pet name for him."

She lowered her eyes and flushed.

"And," Mason went on, "when you didn't call him by that pet name, you called him Doug—and not Douglas."

"Does that make any difference?" she countered.

"Simply this!" Mason said. "If Douglas had written that note to you, he'd have signed it Doug or some pet name, and it would have been a lot more tragic. There'd have been some affectionate stuff in it, and he'd have told you good-by, and that he loved you. That note wasn't written for you; it was written for the public. That was a note that was given you to *show* people."

She was watching him with wide eyes, her lips compressed tightly together, as though she were trying to keep from whimpering or letting some damaging statements escape her.

"That note's a blind. Douglas telephoned you, and told you he was in a jam. He wouldn't leave without seeing you. He came to say good-by. You talked him into staying. You told him you'd employed me, and I was going to clear things up. You asked him to stay; he refused. You asked him if he wouldn't at least stay where you could keep in touch with him until after I'd made a complete investigation."

Her face gave no faintest flicker of expression, but she clenched her right fist, brought it up until the muscles were pressing tightly against her lips.

"And so," Mason went on inexorably, "Douglas Keene agreed to stay within reach until the police had uncovered all of the facts, and I had tried to explain those facts in such a way as to establish his innocence. But you wanted to throw the police off the trail; so Douglas left this note that you were to give to me, and later the newspaper reporters."

Mason pointed a rigid forefinger at her. "Speak up," he said, "don't lie to your lawyer. How the hell can I help you if you start concealing facts?"

"No," she said, "that's not true. That's —— Oh!"

She dropped to the edge of the bed and started to cry.

Mason strode to the closet door, jerked it open, went to the room which contained the shower, opened the door, and looked about in that room. He frowned thoughtfully, shook his head, and said, "She's too wise to have him where the officers would be apt to look. Paul, get busy and see if there isn't a storeroom around here where boxes and stuff are kept."

Mason strode to the bed, jerked back the covers, felt of them, and nodded. "Just one blanket," he said. "She's taken off some of the blankets to give him."

Della Street crossed to Winifred's side, put her arm around the girl's shoulder, and said soothingly, "Can't you understand, dear, he's trying to help you? He's only being gruff because time is precious, and he must know the facts before he can plan his campaign."

Winifred slid her head over on Della Street's shoulder and began to sob.

"Won't you tell us?" Della asked.

Winifred shook her head, rolling it from side to side on Della Street's shoulder.

Mason strode out of the door to the corridor which ran between booths and the lunch counter, peered about him, then crossed behind the lunch counter, and started looking into the corners and down under the counter.

Paul Drake had explored a side passageway. Suddenly he gave a shrill whistle. "Here it is, Perry."

Winifred screamed, jumped to her feet, and ran the length of the passageway, her robe billowing out behind her. Mason, walking rapidly, covered the space almost as quickly as the running girl.

A door was open. It showed a litter of broken boxes, old barrels, some cans of paint, a few surplus stores, broken chairs, and various odds and ends which had accumulated from the operation of the waffle kitchen. A space near one corner had been cleaned out, and broken

The WORLD of TOMORROW

No. 2—The Bloodhound Machine

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU are lucky, because you have a friend who is chief of New York City's Department of Scientific Criminal Research; and when this famous child is kidnaped your friend allows you to go with him to the scene of the crime. You visit the nursery; you see the broken-down ladder at the window. The fingerprint men didn't find any fingerprints that seem to be worth anything. But the kidnaper was here in the nursery a few hours ago—no argument on that.

You watch while they bring in the olfactory classifier. That's it's technical name, but the newscasters always call it the bloodhound machine. You have never seen one in operation before, and you watch with great interest. It's a cubicle affair of glistening alunite, set on a small wheeled chassis. Rows of dial indicators and a bank of varicolored push buttons are on top; and from one of its sides dangles a long prehensile vacuum-tube, with a rubber cup at its end.

The machine's low electrical hum reminds you of the eager whine of a hound. The dial indicators quiver, and then hover motionless as the criminal's scent is isolated.

The police sergeant says, "Well, that's that." He reads and records the classification; meaningless symbols to you, but it's the mathematical formula for this criminal—his alone, differentiating him from every one else in the world. You contemplate how simple that is—every dog knows it.

Two years go by. The world's most famous crime is still unsolved. Then comes the day when the newscasters tell you that a young man has been arrested, passing some of the famous ransom money—and a large amount of it is found at his home.

He might have had an expensive and notorious trial—but he does not. No dog could remember the scent of him, from that crib and that nursery two years ago. But the mechanical bloodhound remembers him very well indeed. His olfactory classification now is found to be mathematically identical with the scent isolated from the crib, and identical with the scent which clung to that newly washed, pathetic little sleeping suit mailed by the kidnaper to the father.

No battery of lawyers can save this criminal. The mechanical bloodhound has too mathematical a memory.

Interesting, you say, but how very farfetched! But in January, 1935, an inventor in London announced that he has already built such a machine.

packing cases and chairs piled in such a manner as to conceal it. On the floor were spread two blankets and a pillow made by stuffing papers into a flour sack. A sheet of paper was pinned to the blanket.

Paul Drake's flashlight threw brilliant light into the corner and held the square of note paper in the center of its beam.

"A note," he said, "pinned to that blanket."

Winifred made a dive for the note. Perry Mason's rigid right arm thrust in front of her held her back.

"Just a minute, sister," he said. "You take too many liberties with the truth. *I'll* read *this* one first."

The note was a scrawl, as though it had been penciled in the dark. It read:

"I can't do it, Winnie, dear. Probably they'd never find me. But if they did it would make it tough on you. I'd feel that I was hiding behind you as a shield. Perhaps if things come out all right I'll get in touch with you. But I know they'll be watching you and watching your mail, so you won't hear anything more from me for a while. Lots of love and kisses to you, sweetheart. Your own Doug."

Mason read the note out loud, folded it, and said to Della Street, "Catch her, quick. She's going to faint."

Winifred sagged toward Della Street's protecting arm; then straightened. Her eyes were wan and pathetic. "I shouldn't have left him alone," she said. "I should have known he'd do that."

Perry Mason moved toward the door, kicked aside a broken packing case, walked down the passageway, entered Winifred's room, picked up a telephone, and dialed a number. "I want to talk with District Attorney Burger," he said.

After a moment he said, "It's Perry Mason talking. I've got to see him on a matter of importance. Where can I reach him?"

The receiver made squawking noises and Perry Mason, with an exclamation of disgust, hung up the receiver. He dialed another number, and said, "Police headquarters? . . . Is Sergeant Holcomb where you can put him on the phone? . . . Hello, Sergeant Holcomb? This is Perry Mason. . . . Yes, I know it's late. . . . No, it isn't past my bedtime. If you're trying to be funny, you can skip it, and if you're wisecracking, you can go to hell. I rang up to tell you that I personally will guarantee Douglas Keene will surrender to the police at five o'clock tonight. . . . No, not at police headquarters. That would give you a chance to pick him up en route, and claim he was a fugitive from justice. I'll telephone you from some place which I'll select. You can come there and pick him up. Don't try to keep the information from the newspapers, because I'm going to tell them. . . . Yes, I'll surrender him at five o'clock."

Winifred Laxter lunged toward the telephone. "No, no!" she screamed. "No! You can't—"

Perry Mason pushed her away. "Five o'clock," he said, and hung up.

And after Douglas Keene surrenders to the police—if Mason can bring it about—what has he to tell of his visit to Ashton the night of the murder? And did he visit Edith DeVoe, too, that night? Read the next issue of Liberty for the breath-taking details that follow.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Was John Clark Ridpath a famous historian, educator, artist, or scientist?

2—Does the United States Weather Bureau signal of two square flags, red with black centers, flown one above the other, forecast fair weather, an approaching hurricane or whole gale, or snow?

3—Was the Order of Eagles founded in the United States, Canada, or England?

4—If you were told that you had gryposis, would you have a contagious disease, an internal disorder, or what?

5—What is the only city or town in the United States whose postmark bears the names of **two states?**

6—Which of these words are misspelled: misappelation, misappropriate, misapplied, misallegation, miscelleny?

7—Who said, "You cannot regulate the appetite of mun with sumptuary laws": Alfred E. Smith, Cardinal Gibbons, Herbert Hoover, or Huey Long?

8—Is the counter of a shoe over the instep or the toe, or is it a part of the sole?

9—Which states have the smallest Japanese populations?

10—How many watts of electrical energy constitute one horsepower?

11—What common English word formerly meant to fail to observe and now means to observe very carefully?

12—What two United States senators, now in office, both served as Secretary of the Treasury under the same President?

13—Are signatures written with a lead pencil good in law?

14—Is the Strait of Georgia in Georgia, United States, or in Georgia, Russia?

15—How many **states** are there in the United States?

16—What is really the matter with a person suffering from anoxemia?

17—Is Prague the capital of Austria, Bavaria, Czechoslovakia, Dalmatia, or Rumania?

18—What is a colporteur?

19—Is a group of pheasants known as a covey, a flock, a nide, a gang, or a brood?

20—What is an **interpolation?**

(Answers will be found on page 55)

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

TO THE *Ladies*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ⏱ 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

● When movie actors grow up they get to be philosophers. Charlie Chaplin studies social problems, Mary Pickford writes theologic literature recommended by William Lyon Phelps. And now we have Tullio Carminati, the suave Italian leading man who made such a hit with Grace Moore in One Night of Love. He's another star for Hollywood's intellectual sky.

"On the stage or screen," he says, "if you don't *give*, you don't *get*. Steal a scene from an inexperienced fellow actor, and sure as fate some one will kill a scene of yours some day. Life on the stage is a laboratory cross section of social justice in real life."

Tullio Carminati enjoys the advantage of being trained to see his own work from a director's viewpoint. He himself has produced and directed many great plays, including many presentations of the Duse. He emphasized, in his talk with me, the importance of unselfishness on the stage, and said that in his opinion an actor's career can be advanced further by an inferior part in a beautiful play than by a fat part in a mediocre play.

© C. P. Corp.

TULLIO CARMINATI

His full name is Tullio Carminati di Brambilla. In Venice there is still a Carminati Street. Aristocratic family. He was born in Dalmatia—because his grandfather married an Austrian noblewoman, but neither of them would live in the other's country, Italy and Austria being then on the outs. They compromised by building a castle on the Dalmatian shore.

● You can't tell me the summer vacation months are anything but a hatching season for romance.

One of my female relatives *got her man* by pretending to walk in her sleep under a July moon. A girl cousin of mine once promised a summer beau that she would cut off her hair for love's sake if he would jump in the millpond. He did, but she didn't. She jilted him for a sedate professor.

Also I recollect a young officer who came home wounded one summer during the war, and who gave himself a game leg for life because he insisted upon dancing the mazurka with a new-found sweetheart, even kneeling down on his unhealed knee in perfect mazurka style while she whirled around him. (She married him afterward, which repaid him for his ruined leg—I hope.)

All these romantic adventures happened during summer vacation months on old Russian estates. There are no more estates in new Russia, and you're not in Russia anyhow. But summer vacations are with us again—so beware!

● White *oilcloth* curtains for your windows this summer. Very new, very clean, very cool-looking. Use drapes of white oilcloth bound in bright blue chintz, with blue bow tiebacks. Directly against the window screen or glass hang light blue curtains of tailored net.

● In a Western city, a maid was needed by the wife of a well known local humorist and after-dinner speaker. A nice girl applied for the job. At the end of a week she informed the lady of the house that she didn't want to work there any longer. This surprised the lady, who had tried to make everything as pleasant as possible.

"What's the matter?" she asked the girl. "Is there too much work for you? Don't you like your room?"

"Well, ma'am," said the girl, "I'll tell you. When I took this position I thought your husband would be saying comical things around the house all the time, and that would be fun. But he never says anything comical at home, so I guess I'll be leaving." And she *did* leave.

● You don't know where you're going when you buy an excursion ticket for the Mystery Special. Nobody but the engineer knows the train's destination. The train then carries you off to some beauty spot, shore, mountains, lakeside, etc. Box lunches are sold on board. In the evening your mystery train brings you home.

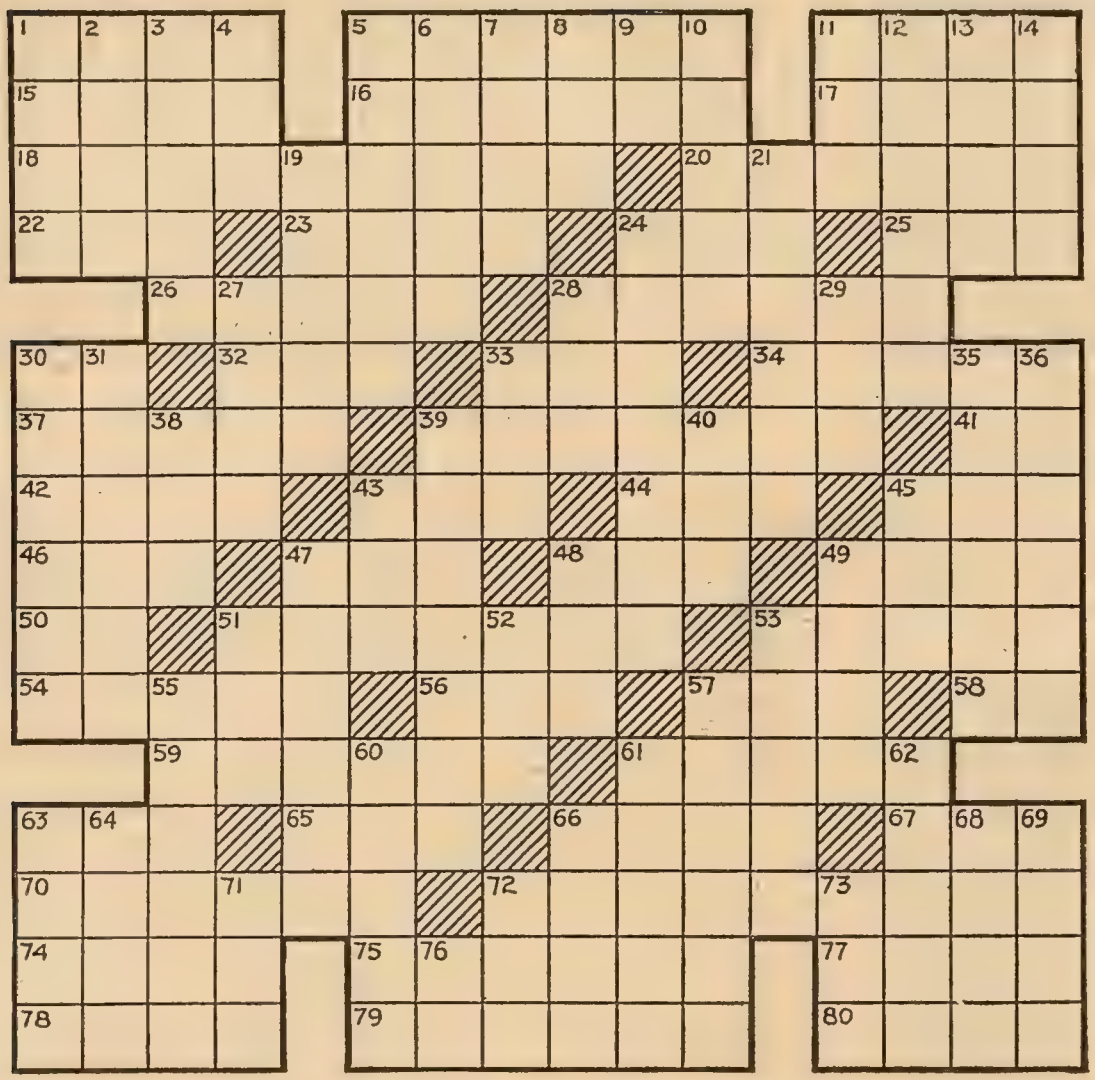
This excellent method of providing a day's outing at low cost has now been imported here from England.

● Voltaire, George Sand, other great ones of the past amused themselves with fist puppets—various types of Punch-and-Judy dolls having a comic head fitted on a glove. Now Bessie Alexander Ficklen has written A Handbook of Fist-Puppets, telling how to make and use them. (Published by The Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

● Holland's a land of the well fed, the fastidiously fed. In Holland the well and fastidiously fed are partial to this dish, known as Dutch Sasaties.

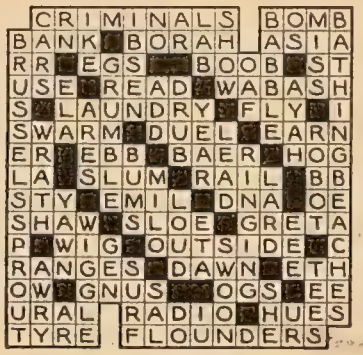
Cut small leg uncooked lamb into ½-inch slices. Lay in earthenware pan, sprinkle with 1 tablespoon sugar, chopped rind 1 lemon, juice 3 lemons. Over all pour 1 cup milk. Fry 3 chopped onions in butter, adding 2 tablespoons curry powder. Stir well and mix with meat. Leave 12 hours. Now wipe meat dry and stick on skewers with small pieces lamb fat between. Salt lightly, broil 20 minutes. Strain the curried marinade, heat, thicken with flour, serve as sauce. Plain boiled rice on the side.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A kind of meat
5 Pompous show
11 An appendage
15 River in Germany
16 Expunger
17 The heroine of Lohengrin
18 Seats without arms or back
20 Relating to Italy or its people
22 Pronoun
23 Eggs of a parasitic insect
24 The French name for a month
25 Utility
26 Facial expression
28 Stand to hold a set of cruets
30 Note of the scale
32 A pronoun
33 Equality
34 A curl of hair
37 Puff up
39 Meanly submissive
41 A Latin and French conjunction
42 To cover the inner surface of
43 A color shade
44 A compass point
45 A salutation
46 Augment
47 Woman's dowry
48 An animal of the deer kind
49 Unhampered
50 The symbol for an element
51 Name of a number of Egyptian kings
53 Hear
54 City in Germany
56 Attention
57 Large wave
58 Suffix used to form some plurals
59 Moving forward gradually
61 In a state of separation



Answer to last week's puzzle

63 A coin of an Asiatic kingdom
65 Goddess of dawn (Greek mythology)
66 The rainbow
67 Owns
70 Reply
72 Most insufficient
74 Cry out
75 One of the simplest forms of animal life
77 A song
78 Wheelless vehicle
79 A foot covering
80 Close at hand

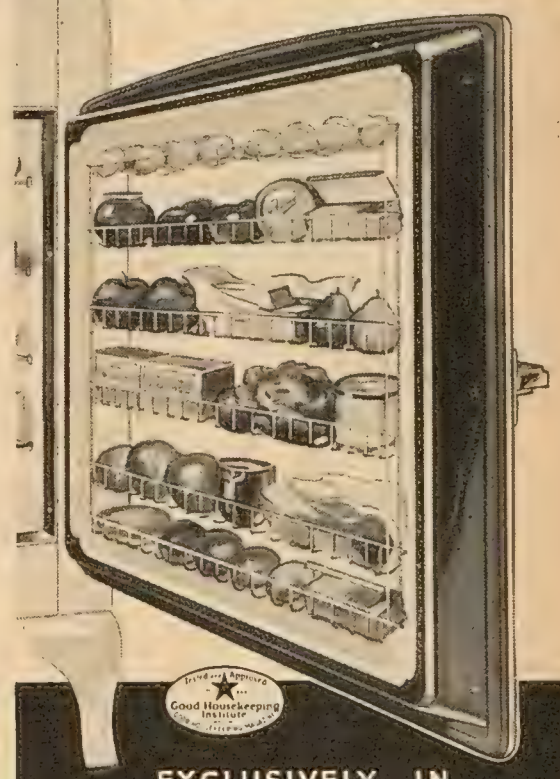
VERTICAL

1 An interdiction
2 Dash
3 Abbots
4 The name of a former pope
5 Dangers
6 Rugged crest of a mountain range
7 Gnawing animal (plural)
8 An equine
9 Prefix: down
10 Silkworms
11 Beverage prepared from certain leaves
12 Attract
13 Egyptian goddess
14 A mesh fabric
19 Join
21 A minute part
24 Wonders
27 Anything very small
28 A vehicle
29 Sooner than
30 Recount
31 Strikes out
33 An enclosure
35 Austere
36 Wall used as a lining for a well (plural)
38 Furthermore
39 Cotton fabric (plural)
40 A secretion of the cuttlefish
43 A man's nickname
45 A constellation
47 Exposure to injury
48 Always
49 Terrified contemplation of something
51 A color
52 Droop
53 Slightest
55 To adjust, as something in discussion
57 Of the spine
60 Letter of the Greek alphabet (plural)
61 Oriental wagon
62 Thither
63 Parts of a circle
64 A duck
66 Frosted
68 A continent
69 Heavenly body
71 Having lost the vigor of youth
72 A descendant
73 A man's name
76 A parent

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

This much more in a

SHELVADOR



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LAST WEEK OF FAMOUS AMERICANS GAME

AND

$5,000

IN PRIZES YOU CAN WIN

THE final set of Famous Americans Game composites challenges you! Your experience in solving the preceding twenty-seven composites should prove of inestimable help in solving these from which the guide lines have been omitted. Apply that experience patiently and you cannot help but get results. In preparing your entry, remember that simplicity is best. Elaboration and ornamentation will have absolutely no bearing on the final rating of your effort. Time and money expended on fancy work will be fruitless. Avoid this useless expense. Concentrate on accuracy instead. Get your entry in on time and be sure that it is marked plainly with your name and address. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty and prize checks will be mailed at the time the awards are published.

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$2,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $25	250
100 PRIZES, Each $10	1,000
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.

2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.

3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.

4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.

5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

A NEW CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

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The Declaration of Independence

(Continued from Front Cover)

the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

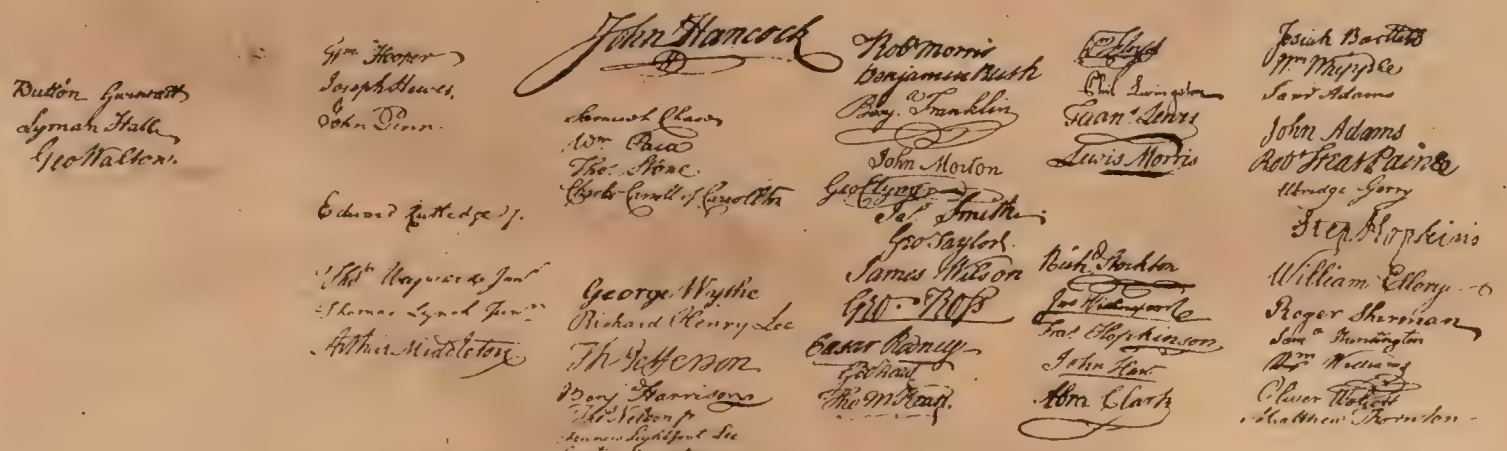
He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.



MISTAKES THE WORLD HAS MADE about the DECLARATION of INDEPENDENCE

Did You Know that the Day We Celebrate Isn't the Right One?

by RUPERT HUGHES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

READING TIME

3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE last few years have disclosed lost papers and letters and secret records that have cleared up a great deal of contradiction and error about the Declaration of Independence

The Fourth of July is the wrong day for the celebration. The Declaration of Independence was passed on July 2 and John Adams wrote to his wife July 3, 1776: "Yesterday the greatest question was decided, which ever was debated in America."

The signing of the Declaration. From the painting by Trumbull.

Henry Wisner wrote July 2 to the New York Provincial Congress: "Since Writeing the inclosed the question of independence has Been put in Congress and Carried in the affirmative without one desenting vote."

On the Fourth of July the resolution concerning it was an order to print. The day was spent tearing it to pieces and cutting out five hundred words. The Declaration as promulgated does not conform strictly to the resolution as passed. There are three official texts.

The Declaration had been urged for months, but put off and put off by those who were afraid of it.

John Adams wrote of the passage: "They who were then members all signed it, and as I could not see their hearts, it would be hard for me to say that they did not approve it: but as far as I could penetrate the intricate internal foldings of their Souls, I then believed, and have not since altered my Opinion, that there were several who signed with regret, and several others with many doubts and much lukewarmness. The Measure had been upon the carpet for Months, and obstinately opposed from day to day. Majorities were constantly against it. For many days the Majority depended on Mr. Hews of North Carolina. While a Member one day was speaking and reading documents from all the Colonies to prove that the Public Opinion, the general Sense of all was in favour of the Measure, when he came to North Carolina and produced letters and public proceedings which demonstrated that the Majority of that Colony were in favour of it, Mr. Hews who had hitherto constantly voted against it, started suddenly upright, and lifting up both his Hands to Heaven as if he had been in a trance, cry'd out 'It is done! and I will abide by it.' I would give more for a perfect Painting of the terror and horror upon the Faces of the Old Majority at that critical moment than for the best Piece of Raphaelle [painting by Raphael]. The Question however was eluded by an immediate Motion for Adjournment. The Struggle in Congress was long known abroad. Some Members who foresaw that the point would be carried, left the House and went home to avoid voting in the Affirmative or Negative. Pennsilvania and New Jersey recalled all their Delegates who had voted against Independence and sent new ones expressly to vote for it," etc.

The Declaration was signed by some men who were not present and not signed by some who were.

The Liberty Bell did not ring out the news and was not cracked in the process. The bell ringing took place on July 8 and lasted all night.

Benjamin Franklin's share in the text has recently been found to be larger than was supposed. Franklin wrote in the word "self-evident."

Jefferson did not realize in 1776 how great a document he was writing. The criticisms of his text by congressmen on July 4 kept him writhing. He put the copy away and all but forgot it for fifty years. In 1818 a quarrel over the text reawakened his interest.

Button Gwinnett, who signed the Declaration, was killed in a duel shortly after, and his autographs are so few that they are almost priceless. A poor artist recently found a four-page letter from Gwinnett in an old trunk and sold it for $50,000.

It has been well said that the Declaration differs from most great writings in "the misfortune of being read too much." Yet it should be read again and again by everybody, alone in deep meditation, to renew in us the flame of liberty and equality and eagerness for the pursuit of happiness, and the recognition of the same rights for others.

THE END

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD FIVE TIMES

Maisonneuf's photograph of Zara with the ancient gold bracelets.

A Divine Abyssinian . . . A Princess Inspires Madness and an Ancient Curse Descends in an Irishman's Strange Tale of Bizarre Adventure

RECORDED BY

H. BEDFORD-JONES

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

OF Thaddeus Michael Shea's adventure as a god, the consort of the divine Princess Zara, in Abyssinia, Mr. Bedford-Jones has this to say: " The odd thing is that people in the story are real and some of them must still be alive. M. Maisonneuf, whose name I have slightly altered, is today a well known retired gentleman in the south of France. I have met two Americans who know him well."

Last week Shea told of impersonating no less a divinity than the Mahdi, promised Moslem messiah, at Khanem in the lower Sahara. He had become for the time being a member of a Moslem brotherhood, the Senusi.

Jailed by the French as an agitator, he received a message from the Lady Taggar, potentate of Khanem. Long before, the Grand Senusi had told her he would send the Mahdi to her; when might fulfillment be expected? Shea escaped and, reaching Khanem, convinced even her that he himself was the Mahdi! But after playing the role for months he discovered that he was in danger, not only from the potentate (whose wish to have a child by the Mahdi he had denied) but from Senusi emissaries.

He planned to escape. The Lady Taggar's maid Filowa and her lover Mzab were to meet him at an oasis with camels. Arriving there, he found Filowa in the clutches of Taggar and four of her nobles. The girl, pegged out naked on the sand, cried aloud to "El Mahdi" to save her as the potentate's knife flashed in the moonlight.

PART FOUR—KING SOLOMON'S TREASURE

ALREADY I was throwing up my rifle in a stark wave of mad fury, but I was too late—an instant too late. That knife slit the body of the girl from crotch to throat, and her scream blended with my rifle crack.

Glory be, this was the one killing I have never regretted! Shot through the head, that she-fiend Taggar pitched forward and stayed there.

The four nobles leaped like startled animals. Only one of them reached the tethered horses; I dropped the others with shot after shot. The one who got to the horses was in the saddle and spurring when my bullet overtook him. There was no mercy in me at that moment. My own life depended on letting none escape.

Then I ran forward to where poor Filowa lay dead in the moonlight.

"Sheik El Mahdi!" A voice reached me. It came from no body, but from a head that lay on the sand—a head whose eyes moved, whose tongue spoke. It was the head of Mzab. He had been buried to his neck in the sandy gravel and left to die.

I was a good half hour in getting him out. When at last he was free, unhurt except for bruises, he went to the body of Filowa and stooped above it for a little, touching her face with his hand. He said nothing at all. Then he straightened up and saluted me.

"Lord, I am your slave, as Allah liveth!" he said to me quietly. "Do we leave her for the jackals?"

We did not.

An hour later we rode away from that accursed spot with our three camels, and from that moment the life of Mzab was bound to mine.

That gold-crazed fool caught up two of the bracelets and clappe

For two years, 1900 to 1902, I was located in the Sudan, with headquarters at Khartoum. My business was the most lucrative one in Egypt—that of running hashish; and I did not quit until the Camel Corps was turned in to stop the drug traffic. I had more sense than to fight the corps, whose officers were Europeans. I knew many of them well: Brockdorff and other Germans, and Snow, a former Northwest Mounted.

This let me out of a job, but I had plenty of money banked. In the course of my operations I had become well acquainted with the Abyssinian frontier, adjoining the Sudan. Mzab was my assistant, and I picked up a sort of body servant whom I named Godfrey. He was, of all things, a Burmese. He was extremely intelligent, and in his way an impudent little daredevil.

The year 1902 found me at loose ends. I was thirty-seven, comfortably off, and made up my mind to go back to India. Then in Khartoum I ran into a Frenchman named Maisonneuf who changed the whole course of my life.

Emile Maisonneuf had been photographer with the expedition of Count Leontieff in Abyssinia. He had remained there, much favored by King Menelik. He was young, swarthily handsome, and absolutely crackbrained. His business in Khartoum was to take back photographic supplies and pick up some slave girls. However, he had his points.

We grew well acquainted. One night he confided to me that his real object in photographing Abyssinia under Menelik's protection was to find King Solomon's treasure. He claimed that a copy of the Ark of the Covenant and other treasure belonging to Sheba's queen was buried near the old capital of Axum, in the north. I laughed at him, which angered him.

"DO you take me for a fool, Shea? Well, there's one person who knows exactly where the treasure is buried. I photographed her last year. Look at this."

He opened a big gold hunting-case watch. On the inside was a picture of a girl's head. I took one look at it, and I give you my word my heart stopped.

"Who is she?" I demanded.

"Princess Zara of the Tigré tribe. Her lineage goes back to Solomon and Sheba. They believe she's divine. They worship her. I took that picture when she came to Addis Ababa, the new capital. She lives among her own folk in the north, and I can't get to her, damn it! Can't get near her! She knows where the treasure was hid in Axum. Menelik wants it and can't get it—so do I. The secret has been traditional in her family. Well, I've an

hem on the arm of Zara. She started back as though stung.

escort waiting at Gallabat, on the frontier. I'm going to make one last try. Her people turn me back every time. Proud as hell! She thinks I don't respect her."

I stared at the picture. An Abyssinian girl back in Khanem had told me about Zara. What a face she had, what a look in her eyes! It went through me like a knife.

"I can get you to her," I said.

He blinked at me. "You? Get me—to her?"

"Exactly. Now tell me a few things."

I fired questions at him. Yes, his safari was ready and he was leaving in the morning. He could take me along—why not? So it was arranged. In the morning I left with him, taking along Mzab and Godfrey. I donned Arab dress and the name of Hussein el Maghrebi. Red-headed Berbers are common enough, so that was quite all right.

My plan? I had none whatever, but knew one would come to me. Meantime I collected all the information possible about Zara and her people. Her tribe was a small one on that 8,000-foot plateau among the mountains where the pure race of Prester John still lingers undefiled. She was unmarried. She and the women of her tribe did not wear veils, as do most Abyssinian women.

So ran the information, with a multitude of details that

dismayed me. Plainly, if I were to pose as a god among these people whose very language was unknown to me, I had a stiff job ahead. Yet pose as a god I must; it was my one chance of success. I had fallen in love with Zara's picture and was resolved to see if she were the least bit like it. Absurdity? Madness? Well, I realized this myself, but could not help it.

I take it that we may skip the details of travel and barge ahead to my first sight of her. She wore an embroidered chamma, a white robe like a Roman toga, and a white cap to match. She was older than in the photograph; no mere girl, but a woman—and what a woman! The woman for me, the one woman in the world. There was never another like her. Pride and exquisite beauty combined—the divine Zara indeed!

For two weeks we had been camped in a hill village just outside her territory. My only hope of coming face to face with her was by a bold and unexpected stroke, an appeal to curiosity. The religion of these hill people varied; to make them take a white man for a god was no easy matter. But all this while I had kept up my pose of being an Arab, and my beard had grown well out. That red beard of mine was a blessing and no mistake; it made a marked man of me.

ON a dark night I got into European clothes, took the few things I needed, and said good-by to Emile and Mzab.

"Give me a week," I said.

Emile agreed, though none too readily. "There is one thing, my friend, I have not mentioned. About the treasure. They say a curse lies upon it."

I laughed at him and slipped out. Godfrey had horses ready and waiting. I mounted and then we rode like the devil through that dark but starry night.

I was gambling largely, of course, on the whole thing. Curse on the treasure? I had to laugh. Little would any curse worry Thaddy Shea! But in those days the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen had not been uncovered and curses were not taken seriously.

Morning found us well up a valley that lay in Zara's territory. I located a good spot near a brook, laid out my blanket and grub under a tree, and put a bullet through the head of my horse.

"Get along with you," I told Godfrey. "And mind, you're dumb. Roll your tongue back, then show it. Not a word out of you."

"Yes, master," said he with a grin, and was off. He had Emile's photograph of Zara, which to these people would be rank magic. It would take him to her.

All day I lay there and saw nothing except cattle in the distance. All night. All the following day—and by this time my grub had given out. The third morning found me pretty low in spirits. Then, toward noon, I saw a party of riders approaching—soldiers and nobles, as the glittering spears and white garments testified.

My beard had been shaved off and I was ready for them. Zara had come. She dismounted with a number of her nobles and they surrounded me. One who spoke some French addressed me. She herself spoke to me in Arabic.

I sat there muttering to myself and staring blankly at them, a drop of belladonna in each eye. Godfrey came and touched me; I disregarded him also. Obviously I was a white man and insane, just as Godfrey had made them comprehend. They talked, laughed, conferred, and watched me. Zara was frowning and intent. Then abruptly I stood up and beckoned to one of them, whom I had picked very carefully. He was a youngish fellow, a weakling of a noble with weak features.

Suspicious and puzzled, he came close, and was fasci-

nated by the enlarged pupils of my eyes. I spoke softly to him in English, which of course was a mere gibberish to them all.

At the end of five minutes I had that young rascal just where I wanted him. When I addressed him in Arabic, he obeyed me, docile and submissive; he entirely ignored the others, even Zara, until I told him to obey her. In short, I had hypnotized him, and a good job I made of it. The sensation was tremendous.

Godfrey brought up his horse and made signs to me to mount. Instead, I deliberately shot the poor beast. Then I sat down on the blanket, put the revolver to my heart, and fired twice. Those two cartridges, needless to say, were blanks. I stretched out, and Zara was the first to reach my side. When I proved no more than powder-burned, that was one thing. When I very impressively picked the bullets out of my shirt—well, my game was won. To settle matters, I called Godfrey and with great show of effort cured him of his dumbness. He fell at my feet and worshiped me.

They took me back with them to their town. I paid not the slightest attention to any of them except Zara. She, poor child, understood from Godfrey that she and no one else could restore my senses. At the end of three days she had done it. Not only was I myself once more—I was her devoted slave for life.

She was magnificent—the purest, loveliest woman I ever knew. I confessed to her the whole imposture of our first meeting. She was angry at first, then saw the humor of it; then the tenderness in her eyes was wonderful to see. No one else knew the truth. To all her people I was something more than human, a great wizard if not a god. Zara they really held to be a goddess — not openly, for fear of the priests, but secretly. And I took good care to increase her reputation, and my own, on every possible occasion.

Mzab, who died mysteriously in Abyssinia, and (right) Shea's Burmese servant "Godfrey"—both photographed by Maisonneuf.

This love affair of ours was no mere infatuation. We flung all else to the winds, forgot all except each other. We made no secret of our love, and even planned our marriage—the church kind which, in Abyssinia, binds for life and death.

One night I suddenly remembered Emile Maisonneuf. I told her about him, and about my bargain with him. He was to have the treasure, if there were one.

I CAN still see her as, for one startled moment, she stood looking at me—see the flash in her eyes as she spoke. She despised Maisonneuf.

"That man! Well, if he sent you to me, my dear, I shall try to reward him—but I cannot trust him. The treasure? Of course. All that I have is yours. But we must go to Axum to find it, and we must tell no one."

Two days later my faithful Mzab arrived with a letter from Maisonneuf. He demanded that I meet him at Axum and take up the matter of the treasure. I went straight to Zara with the letter and translated it for her. She assented with a shrug.

"Very well. We leave in two days. On the day we return here we shall be married. Yes?"

We set out. Godfrey and Mzab went with us, and half a dozen Galla slaves; no others. That week's journey through the mountains was a wonderful experience. We were entertained royally, sometimes in perfectly incredible castles built by the Portuguese four centuries ago. I had adopted native dress and was received without question.

For once in my life, and when I most needed it, all my mysticism failed me. I had no foreboding, no inner warning of impending evil. As for Zara, she was calmly positive that she could unearth the treasure without trouble, putting her faith in an old document handed down through her family for ages.

So we arrived at Axum, now only a small town in a valley, surrounded by vast ruins. Emile Maisonneuf had arrived two days before us. He had a dozen servants, quite an elaborate camp, and an imperial order of protection from Menelik. I took up my quarters with him, Mzab and Godfrey accompanying me. Zara occupied one of the houses in the town with her slaves.

THAT night Emile opened champagne for us. He was wild with the lust for gold. His admiration for Zara was effusive and he instantly desired to photograph her anew. I won her consent to pose for him later, because I myself wanted pictures of her.

"Tomorrow night we will go and dig the treasure up," she said. "Not by day, for the priests here would object."

I wanted her to let us see the document giving the location, but she refused flatly. I laid her attitude to pride, like the fool I was.

Next day she put Mzab in charge of two picked Galla slaves as the working party. During the day she went by herself to a place on the western ridge, and she evidently knew just where to seek the treasure.

With evening, Emile Maisonneuf joined us for dinner at Zara's house. Later, much later, the six of us sallied forth and the hunt was on. We went straight to where two ancient obelisks had once stood and now lay fallen and broken. Zara indicated a spot beside one of them. Emile and I stood smoking and watching while Mzab and the two black slaves dug.

An hour later, three small but very heavy chests came out of the hole.

Zara sent for the rest of her slaves. Two men could scarcely carry one of those little chests. It was midnight before the three of them were in the central room of Zara's house. The slaves were dismissed. Emile had produced an ax and a chisel. When I would have given him a hand with the job, Zara whirled on me.

"This is not your affair," she said. "I forbid it! As you love me, do not touch those chests."

Maisonneuf demanded her permission, and she merely shrugged. He was hard at work when the voice of Godfrey outside the door summoned me. I went out and found him shaking with fright.

"Come quickly, master!" he chattered. "Mzab is dead or dying at the camp."

I followed him to Emile's camp. There I found Mzab stretched out on a blanket. His eyes rolled horribly at me, but he could not speak, could not lift a finger. A

paralytic stroke? Perhaps. While I was examining him, a rattle came in his throat and he died in convulsions. The unspeakable horror stamped in his eyes and face was frightful to see.

Deeply shocked and alarmed, I returned to Zara's house. She herself let me into the locked room.

"Well? What was it? Tell me at once."

I told her. She shivered and her lips clenched. Looking past her, I could see that Emile had smashed his way into all three chests. Laughing, chortling excitedly, he was lifting out objects. In the light of the kerosene lamp the room shimmered with dull gold.

Zara caught hold of my arm. "Promise me one thing!" she exclaimed almost fiercely. "Promise me that you will touch none of it—not one bit of it!"

Emile piled all the treasure-trove on a table. There was a superb crown of worked gold. There were stiff leather sacks filled with thin gold coins and dust. There were some weapons. And there were the bracelets—a whole heap of them, a jingling, clinking heap.

Suddenly, with a cackle of mad laughter, that gold-crazed fool caught up two of the bracelets, whirled, and clapped them on the arm of Zara. She started back as though stung, wrenched them off, and stood staring at them. Her eyes lifted to me as I drew close. They were wide, terrified. I smiled, supposing she considered it sacrilege to touch this gold.

"Take them," I said. "Why not? They're beautiful!"

Emile, somewhat sobered by the air of Zara, drew forth the final object. It was a casket of gold.

"There!" he said hoarsely. "There—look! The gold of King Solomon, Shea!"

I laughed. "Where are the hallmarks?"

He shrugged. "This is no jest. Solomon's gold! Brought from Jerusalem by the son of Sheba's queen!"

"That is true," put in Zara. She shivered again, and then turned to us with an air of command. "Now go away, both of you. Tomorrow come back here and we may divide the gold. It remains in my keeping."

Maisonneuf, sweating and suddenly gone to pieces, had lost his insane concentration.

"Very well," he said listlessly. "And tomorrow I shall photograph you wearing those bracelets."

On our way back to camp I told him of Mzab's death.

"I am sorry—you thought much of him," he commented, staggering with weariness. "Well, we all must take that road soon or late. Ah, what gold, what gold!"

NEXT morning, when Godfrey brought my shaving water, he stood watching uneasily.

"Master, there are ugly stories of devils," he told me. "Those Galla slaves say you came here to dig up ancient treasure by your magic, and that devils go with that treasure. They say this is why Mzab died."

I kicked him out. When I looked up Emile, I found him gone. I had a leisurely breakfast, then went into town and made my way to Zara's house. One of her Gallas was guarding the door. He saluted me and said that Maisonneuf was with his mistress.

At the door of the central room I paused; it was locked. Then I heard scuffling and Zara's voice uplifted in anger. I called to her.

"Come quickly, quickly!" she replied.

I flung myself at that door again and again. At the third try it burst off the hinges and I stumbled into the room. In one corner stood Zara. The golden bracelets decked her arms. Her clothes were half torn away. Emile's camera was set up in the room. He himself was catching up one of the ancient swords from the table. I went for him headfirst. I was a madman myself then, and no mistake!

To my grief, I failed to get hold of him. He gave me a clip over the head with the sword. Before I could recover, he was gone.

I plunged after him. He swerved out of the main street and headed for the church, running like a deer. I was almost on him by that time, and was reaching for him when half a dozen armed men suddenly interposed and blocked me. Maisonneuf had gained the sanctuary afforded by the church precincts.

I was blind to all that and went for the lot of them. They battered me back with their gold-studded shields. I got one of them down none the less, then another, before a dozen more guards came up on the double.

About half the town followed, with Zara and her slaves and several priests. Some one slammed me over the head, which knocked me out and saved my life. Zara explained things to the priests while I lay senseless. They let her take me back to her own house.

WHEN I came around she told me what had happened. Emile had made several pictures of her. The close contact with her loveliness went to his rotten brain. He lost his head completely and caught her in his arms. She fought him off, was still struggling with him when I appeared.

For the sacrilege I had committed, Zara atoned by giving the chief priest the gold crown from the treasure. Much against my will, I promised her to keep hands off when Maisonneuf came for his share of the gold.

"You do not understand, my dear," she said to me, with a sadness I could not comprehend. "I must pay this debt. After all, he sent you to me. Let him have what he wants and let us be rid of him."

Later Maisonneuf arrived, pale and shaking. He made abject apologies. He was frightfully nervous. As he sat, the thumb and forefinger of his right hand were in continuous motion. He had a curious nodding movement of his head which was quite involuntary, and complained of weakness.

"The gold is yours. Take what you want," said Zara to him in contempt. "All but the bracelets. I am selling those and giving the money to the poor."

"Keep them!" I broke in. She shook her head.

Maisonneuf took his camera away with him, and the gold also. That night he developed and printed from his plates, and next morning sent me a picture. I still have it.

This same day Zara and I departed homeward. As we rode out of town we had a last glimpse of Maisonneuf near his tent. He was walking, his head bent forward, with a peculiar gait. I saw that his right hand still kept up that queer nervous motion. Zara took one look at him, then turned her head away and crossed herself. Abyssinian though she was, she was white as death.

What ailed Maisonneuf? That tradition about a curse upon the treasure—was there anything in it? Let Shea himself answer in next week's, the concluding installment of his recital, in which he will also tell the dark and gripping story of how in India a "holy man" of the unholy Tantric faith cured him forever of his mania for playing god.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 43

1—A famous educator and historian, born in Indiana in 1840.

2—An approaching hurricane or whole gale.

3—In the United States, in 1898.

4—You would have an abnormal curvature; especially of the fingernails.

5—Texarkana; its postmark reads, "Texarkana Ark-Tex."

6—Misappelation should be misappellation; miscelleny should be miscellany.

7—Cardinal Gibbons.

8—Neither. It is a stiffener of leather or fabric intended to give permanent form to a shoe upper around the heel.

9—The 1930 census listed only one Japanese each in Mississippi and Vermont and three in Maine.

10—Approximately 746 watts.

11—Oversee.

12—Senator William G. McAdoo of California and Senator Carter Glass of Virginia served successively as Secretary of the Treasury under President Wilson.

13—Yes, if otherwise in proper form.

14—Neither; it separates Vancouver Island from the mainland of British Columbia.

15—Strictly speaking, only forty-four. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Virginia are officially called *commonwealths*.

16—Air sickness or mountain sickness.

17—Czechoslovakia.

18—A person who distributes or sells religious books or tracts.

19—A nide.

20—An insertion: that which is introduced or inserted, especially something foreign or spurious.

Vox Pop

BLACK-EYE EXCUSES

WHAT, except the blow of an enraged enemy's fist, is the best excuse you ever heard for a black eye?

The latest we heard was from a gentleman who said his big and beautiful shiner was the outcome of a cat, chased by a dog, leaping over the bed on which he slept and knocking off a knob of the bedpost that landed on his optic.

It sounds a little like a Rube Goldberg

invention, but perhaps our Vox Poppers know of something equally fishy—or should we say catty—on black-eye origins?—VOX POP EDITOR.

LAST CHAPTER FIRST

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—I want to know why can't you publish the last chapter of a serial first, so as a person would know if they wanted to read the first and intermediate chapters. You would sell just as many magazines if you always had a last chapter first every week, for then we would have to have one to see if we wanted to start the story next week.—*W. E. Ivins.*

SLIPPERY AMMONIA BOTTLES

FLUSHING, N. Y.—Ammonia bottles need remodeling. The present type slips through a soapy-wet hand with the greatest of ease.

A loop handle of the vinegar-jug type would guard against a smash or a spill.

So would a flaring-mouthed bottle.—*Edna M. Fuller.*

OUR MISTAKE—SORRY

MIDDLETOWN, PA.—In May 11 Liberty was published a review of the motion picture Black Fury. I understand that this picture deals with the life of the Slav, and especially the Slovak coal miners of Pennsylvania. Your reviewer referred to the picture as a "study of hunky coal miners" and to its chief character as a "hunky."

I had believed that the term "hunky" had long disappeared from the vocabulary of intelligent and broad-minded Americans. I resent the attitude of your reviewer not only as a Slav but as an American citizen. Statements, such as the above-mentioned one, belittle us in the eyes of cultured and educated foreigners.—*Joseph Husek, President of the Association of Slovak Newspapermen.*

NOW DO WE NEED A KING!

JUNEAU, ALASKA—So one of our self-qualified "Very Exclusives" has experienced a flutter in the casein under his scalp, which brought him to the final conclusion: "We need a king" (Vox Pop, May 18). Horror of horrors! Beware of fermentations and maelstroms, old chappie!—*Amos P. Cole.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I am wondering if the Pennsylvania state insane asylum is located at Scranton. If so, will you please inform that institution that one of their inmates is at large again masquerading under the name of "Very Exclusive," and who no doubt is the reincarnation of Napoleon?—*Disgusted.*

KEARNY, N. J.—They say that the United States is the boiling pot of the world. If this conceited person considers himself the top—well, that's where all of the scum comes to.—*Poor But Sane.*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Possibly the best letter you have published up to the present time has been written by your correspondent, Very Exclusive.

Let us have a king with sense. He should not be a dictator for his own glorification but a king selected by the people. And let us get rid of both Congress and Senate.—*Also Exclusive But Poor.*

DIE-HARD MALICE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Until a few short months ago I had as much money as I could comfortably, more than comfortably, live on. I could very easily and honestly say that I wanted for nothing, necessity or luxury. Then, with a lot of other people in this country and abroad, I lost it all, and through no fault of my own.

Today I'm working at a job where the pay is almost too small, but regular. Naturally, I mind. But nobody with a particle of common sense is going to sit around and write malicious letters to a publication about Mr. Roosevelt the way that O. W. Douglas did in his letter in June 1 Vox Pop. This man(?) called Mr. Roosevelt "the most consummate socialistic demagogue in our history" and "a rich socialist." He said, further, that Mr. Roosevelt has neither depth nor intellectual honesty in his make-up.

I am forced to believe that O. W. Douglas is a Republican—of the species "die-hard"—and brother to the yet existing Southerner who cannot make himself believe that the Civil War is really over.—*H. G.*

ANTISOCIAL FOR PROFIT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The toughest lawbreaker nut to crack is not of the underworld but permeates the entire structure of society. He is the crooked lawyer, doctor, business man, and politician.

Clearly perceiving the difference between right and wrong, he turns antisocial for the profit in it.—*Graph Waldeyer.*

WHEN MARRIED WOMEN STOP . . .

MENA, ARK.—Pooh-bah and a couple of pooh-bahs for Emily Newell Blair's views on the philandering proposition in May 25 Liberty; for it is quite evident that, while the lady may not be all wet, at least she is somewhat damp.

There is no question but that American marriage is on a slippery footing, but for women to go back to the horse-and-buggy days, while the errant spouses (or is it spices?) continue to travel in high on all six, isn't going to remedy matters. Comparisons are too odious.—*Nina Walker Watkins.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am thoroughly disgusted with Emily Newell Blair's article.

In the first place, she, along with

some 20,000,000 other married women who now help their husbands support them, are guilty of laying the foundation for the question she now asks, "What is happening to American marriage?"

When married women stop competing with other women's husbands in business, then other women will stop competing with them in matrimony.—*J. T. Fretwell.*

YEAH, A POOLROOM RANGER!

SHAWNEETOWN, ILL.—In answer to the Portland, Oregon, letter (June 1 Vox Pop) concerning Forest Rangers and signed Ezekeal Endicott Butterall —obviously a faked name by some gut-

less individual that has never seen a tree, only in the shape of a billiard cue.

I can plainly describe this witty (name it yourself) as sitting around a pool hall waiting for some one to forget to pull the handle of a slot machine after inserting the nickel and in between times devising new ways to poison puppies and easier methods for a Peeping Tom.

I could also suggest to the District

Forester to look him up and put him in the front line of the next big fire. He might—if not too ignorant—learn something of rangers' work.—*Jim Lewellyn.*

WHY GLORIFY THOSE G-MEN?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I note with regret in June 1 Liberty the review of Beverly Hills of the picture "G-Men." Beverly Hills rates it three and one half stars and apparently approves of the picture and endorses the alleged moral it preaches.

Surely, in the opinion of any right-thinking citizen, man or woman, no police officer, whether federal, state, county, city, or township, could be considered a proper character to hold up as an example for our youth.

Surely intelligent people all know that this profession attracts only the inherent bully and those too cowardly and lazy to work. I personally have never known an exception to this rule. "A necessary evil," someone may answer. Perhaps true. But we could do with less praise or honor on them.—*George Lockhart.*

PITCHER'S BATTER

CINCINNATI, OHIO—A great many of Liberty's millions of readers seem to be baseball fans, so perhaps you will grant space in Vox Pop to an old-time ex-pitcher. Baseball is certainly not gaining in popularity, and the reason is that the game needs balance. To see that this balance is restored, I expect to organize all pitchers into an association to demand a few rule changes.

Under the new and amended rules, the pitcher on a baseball team *shall not* be required to take his turn at bat. Each team shall then have ten players instead of nine.

The extra player will bat for the pitcher, and of course run the bases in the event of hitting safely.

Secondly, the pitcher shall *not* be required to field his position.

In other words, a pitcher is hired to pitch, and that will be all he is required to do, under the new rules that I am proposing.

Such a change would do much to put more balance and strength into the defensive side of the game. It will conserve the pitcher's strength for the business of pitching. He will not have to wear himself out at batting, running the bases, and fielding. The new player shall be known as the pitcher's batter.

I believe this will be the most progressive idea put forth for baseball in the past twenty years.—*An Ex-Pitcher.*

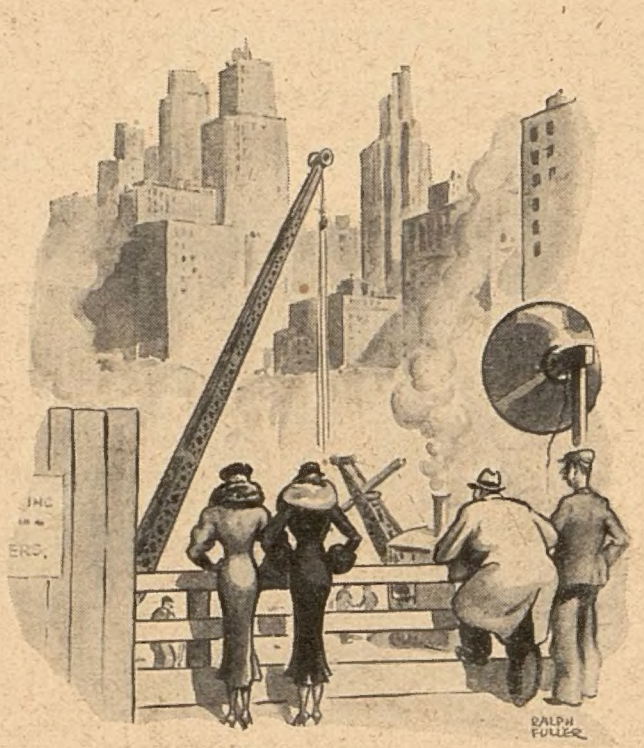
"INDUSTRY AS A BIG FATHER"

DALLAS, TEX.—Commenting on the editorial of Bernarr Macfadden, Some Workers Are Deaf, Dumb, and Blind (June 1 Liberty), I would like to add that the workers are not in a class to themselves. Neither side of the question of labor and capital can claim immunity from the charge of deafness, dumbness, and blindness.

Organized labor is interested only in its own welfare. Industry is interested only in its survival. They represent possibly 50 per cent of our population. The rest of us poor helpless creatures are the goats of the situation and are made to bear the brunt of their incessant combats. Industry, as a big father, should be strong enough to shoulder the responsibility of solving its own problems, but it will have to be done on the basis of a father to his children. If industry can not take on the spirit of idealism to that extent, it must surrender to some superior force.—*W. C. Pardue.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Speaking of Mr. Macfadden's Some Workers Are Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, does he know, or rather does he realize, the masses he is writing for are not concerned with sane reasoning, with a known result, especially a result that is unpleasant?

I fear he is wasting his time writing reason.—*Lewis H. Colvin.*



"Yeah, Mabel, he says he can do better work if he knows I'm here."

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—

Vox Poppers are a fighting folk;
They have a lust for gore.
To start an inky, verbal war,
Say: "Two and two make four!"

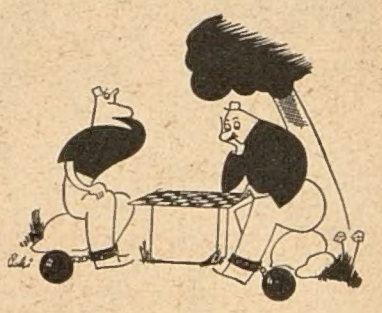
—*E. C. Baird.*

SCRANTON, PA.—Rupert Hughes says in Game Laws for Criminals (April 20 Liberty), "And the state is so gentle-minded that of 982 murderers only eight were executed, a total of less than a tenth of 1 per cent."

Why is it that a magazine that pretends to print facts and an author that has had an average education will make *a second-grade arithmetic* mistake? Liberty had better call in its Brain Trust.—*Scranton Accountant.*

CHAIN GANGS ARE PICNICS

TULSA, OKLA.—I have read nearly all the bunk supposed to be true about chain gangs. I can give you some facts that



will knock the props out from under all that stuff.

They say the farther south you go the worse the chain gangs are. Well, I spent sixty days in one in Florida at hard labor, and talk about a picnic—I really had one. There were no chains, no clubs, no whipping; nothing but a good place to sleep, plenty of good eats, and a little weed-cutting or wood-chopping that was really good exercise.

How's that for a literary monkey-wrench?—*One Who Knows.*

REVIVED OLD DAYS

RYE, N. Y.—Gosh, how that story I Flew for the Hell of It brought back old scenes to me! Many a hundred-dollar bill I shot back and forth over the carpet with old Pat Mulcahy; many an all-night poker session I had with Charley Needham, who taught me what I know about the game, which is damned little. I didn't know that Shorty Carr was dead till I read this article. Norman Harvey, another whom Ken Collings mentions as having died in France, had something of the stuff of a hero in him, it always seemed to me.

I shall look forward to the third installment of Ken Collings's story with interest to see if he includes the tale of that black night in the Haitian hills when his best friend was shot down and he was for a time suspected of the murder.—*Joel Townsley Rogers.*

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CONTENTS

SHORT STORIES

Love's Artillery.....Carl Clausen 12

The Dog, the Frog, and the Mysterious Stranger
William J. Neidig 18

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra
Bert Green 30

SERIALS

Beginning—
Public Sweetheart Number One.....Dora Macy 5
A beauty who reached the heights of fame unveils the hidden things in her past—The heart-searching story of one who loved not wisely but too well

The Case of the Caretaker's Cat—Part V
Erle Stanley Gardner 36

The Man Who Played God Five Times—Part IV
H. Bedford-Jones 51

ARTICLES

Why Did I Die in the Chair?.....Abraham Faber 33
An amazing human document—A condemned murderer "indicts" the living world he has left

The Declaration of Independence..... 48
(Continued from Front Cover)

Mistakes the World Has Made About the Declaration of Independence.....Rupert Hughes 50
Did you know that the day we celebrate isn't the right one?

FEATURES

Editorial .....Bernarr Macfadden 4

Fashion Flashes from Paris.....Doramiller 16

Good Books.....Oliver Swift 26

Brats, Bravado, Bafflement—Movie reviews
Beverly Hills 27

The World of Tomorrow.....Ray Cummings 42

Twenty Questions..... 43

To the Ladies!.....Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 44

Cross Word Puzzle..... 45

$5,000 Game of Famous Americans..... 46

Vox Pop..... 56

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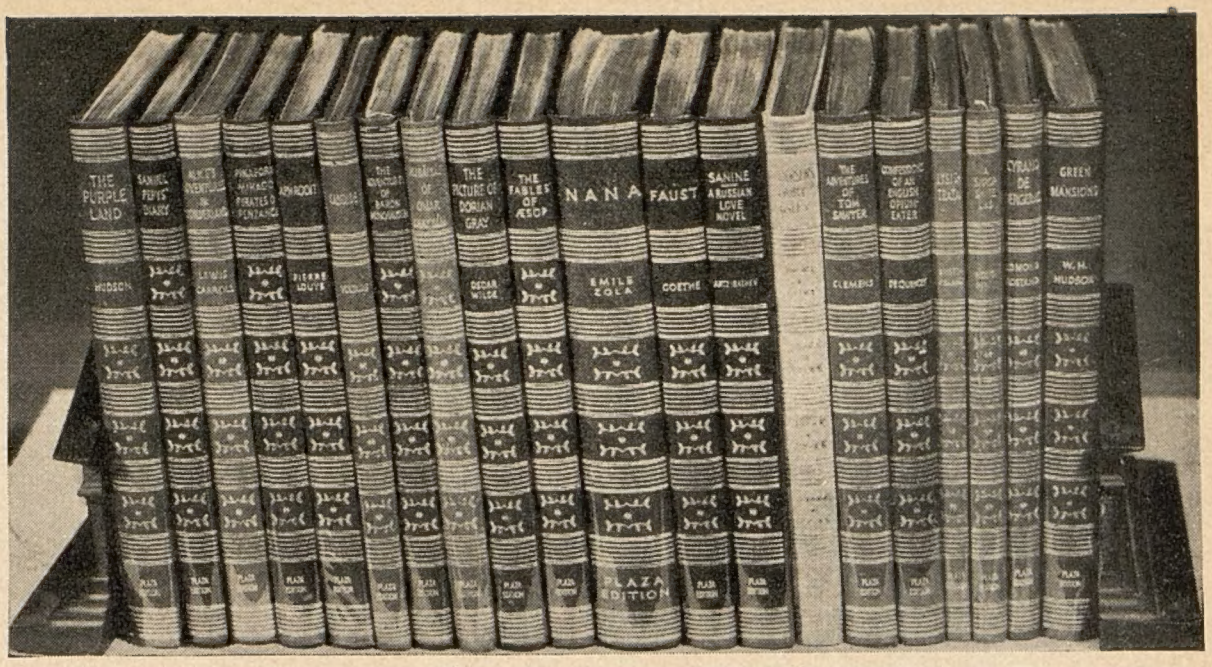

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